

the

LINK

December 1960

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

THE SILENT BILLION

APPLYING THE PROTESTANT FAITH

25¢

A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL





TO ALL OUR LINK READERS EVERYWHERE

A WARM handclasp and a "Merry Christmas."

THE WORDS of the heavenly angels to the Judean shepherds at the birth of Christ are our Christmas thought to you:



"Glory to God in the highest,
and on earth peace . . ."

Glory (or praise) and peace!

Glory that God has come down
into time.

Glory that God has made us free
to accept his love and salvation.

Glory that he has given us families
and friends, fun and fellowship,
work and play, freedom and faith.

And peace. Peace in our hearts
that comes from a right relation with
God.

Peace in our homes because God
has taught us love.

And peace in a troubled world.

May yours be a Christmas of
praise (glory) and peace.

MARION J. CREEGER
LAWRENCE P. FITZGERALD
IRENE MURRAY
ISABEL R. SENAR
ELEANOR HANNA



THE

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A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

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COVERS:

Front: The Lollipop Bush is a floral arrangement that can be eaten as well as sniffed and is a favorite of youngsters. Photo by Edward Gottlieb & Associates.

Back: Peace and warmth inside amid the Winter's falling snow. Foto/Find by Herral Long.

Inside Front: Season's Greetings from All of Us to You.

Inside Back: Early morning view of East Corinth in Northern Vermont. Photo by Louis C. Williams.

ART WORK: Story illustrations by James Talone. Occasional spots by Volk.

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Sound Off!

From a Catholic Reader

The other day a Protestant friend handed me the August 1960 edition of THE LINK and asked me to read, "If You Marry Outside Your Faith" by Harold L. Fair. I am a Catholic (Roman) and thought to myself, "Oh, no, another one of those biased Protestant articles condemning Catholic policy."

After reading the article my opinion changed as I found it to be very frank and fair. Instead of condemning Catholic policy, Mr. Fair simply stated the facts, which anyone contemplating inter-faith marriage should know well. Thanks to Mr. Fair and you and your staff for the fine article.

—SP 4 George V. Fitzgerald, 225th Station Hospital, APO 189, New York, N.Y.

Keep Pretty Girls

Our LINK distribution increased 100 per cent when the pretty girls were on the cover. The increase has not lost ground which indicates to me that the men looked, they read and they came back for more.

It is a joy for me to see THE LINK come out with decent pictures of pretty girls. It reminds the men of their girls, sisters, and friends back home and causes them to remember that a woman is more than a tool to be used and abused.

Please keep the pretty girls on the cover as often as you can.

—Chaplain (Capt.) Frederick J. Kevetter, 601 ACS Sqdn, APO 171, New York, N.Y.

(Continued on page 65)

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Home for Christmas

By Charlotte and Dan Ross

NO, Steve!" Jill Shelton's pleasant oval face was filled with consternation at the news her husband had just given her. She slumped back in the easy chair. "I really must go home for Christmas!"

Tall, serious Steve shook his head. "Not a chance for me, darling," he told her, "the express office is going to be open all day. Ferris was to take charge but now that he's ill I'm the next in line. I can't beg off."

"But I'd planned to surprise Mom and Dad by arriving tomorrow," Jill's voice was plaintive. "They'll be so lonely with neither Robin nor Heather coming."

Steve sat on the arm of her chair and stroked her curly brown hair. "Look, I want you to go as you planned. I know how you've counted on it."

She took his hand between hers and tried to ward off her feeling of guilt. Steve was the best husband



anyone could have. And he realized how she felt about going home for Christmas, even though he'd never had a real home or parents, having been brought up in a city flat by a distant cousin. He'd gone out on his own when he was young and most of his Christmas memories were of bleak boardinghouses. She thought of that first Christmas after they were married. He'd taken such pride in fixing a tree stand and bought bright decorations. Then she'd explained they'd be visiting her parents on the holiday. He'd seemed disappointed but still he understood. One of the reasons she loved him so deeply.

Yet there had been a note in his voice just now that made her waver in her decision, for just a moment. Perhaps she shouldn't go. He would be lonely. It was too bad. Then she steeled herself with the thought her parents would be even more lonely. And she, herself, felt an aching need to be home with them as the holiday approached.

It was nearly three years since they'd been married, and in May, Steve had bought this bungalow at Fundy Heights. It was only partly finished and her tall young husband had worked long hours every evening to have it done before Christmas. Jill was proud of him and their cottage that looked out on the Bay of Fundy.

Her parents lived across the bay at Digby. Jill's father owned a garage in the picturesque Nova Scotia town and the family home-stead was a rambling, cedar-shingled house at one end of the tree-shaded main street. This was the home she

loved and somehow always kept returning to.

Steve had only mildly objected to her long vacations there each summer. And he tried to hide his mild exasperation every fall when she'd begin excitedly discussing the annual Christmas reunion. This year her brother Robin, who was married and living in Toronto, had written business would prevent his coming. And Heather was expecting another baby, so it wouldn't be wise for her to make the trip either. When her mother had written this news, adding somewhat sadly they'd have to make other plans this year, Jill had been determined that at least she would be there. Steve's several hints that he'd like to spend Christmas in their new place were ignored. She hadn't let her folks know her plan, deciding it would mean more if they arrived unannounced the day before Christmas. And now she would have to go alone.

Her husband's voice broke into her thoughts. "You'll take the boat in the morning as we'd planned. The presents are all packed." He smiled with that boyish awkwardness that always touched her heart.

"But what about you, darling?" She pressed her head close against his arms and closed her eyes in the bliss of his nearness.

"I'll be working all day," he said, "and I can get dinner at a restaurant somewhere."

"But it will be miserable for you." She worried, remembering the happiness of previous yuletides. The bustle of excitement at the home-stead as the three young married

couples arrived. The good-natured banter among them and the exchanging of gifts. The shy glances at Mom and Dad to reassure oneself they looked as well as ever.

And on Christmas Eve they'd all walked together down the snowy street under a clear December moon to midnight service at the ancient stone church. The blue stars snapping like sapphires overhead with the cold as they passed the friendly decorated porches of neighbors.

Jill opened her eyes and looked up at her husband. "I really ought not to go, I suppose."

"If it's what you feel you should do, I want you to," he told her; "not that I wouldn't rather have you here."



IN the gray cold of the following winter morning Steve drove her down to the dock. She gave him an affectionate kiss and made him promise to phone her sometime Christmas Day. Then she went on board the trim vessel that makes regular daily crossings to the Nova Scotia Coast.

Just a little more than three hours

had passed when she arrived at Digby. She sat back in the taxi and watched the cheery faces of the people moving along the crowded sidewalk. It was good to be home! How many exciting afternoons before Christmas had she hurried down this same street on last minute errands? The familiar windows and store signs made her feel warm and relaxed. If only Robin and Heather had been able to come.

Robin, her opponent in endless snowball battles. She pictured the quiet, young businessman of today and smiled at the memory. And Heather, always down at the brook on her skates. Now in faraway Vancouver awaiting her second child. But there'd still be Mom and Dad. She'd try to fill at least some of the emptiness this Christmas must be bringing them.

It was her mother who opened the door and when she saw Jill, came forward and clasped her tightly. "I certainly didn't expect to see you, dear!" she said in a voice filled with happiness.

Jill felt a catch in her throat. "It just wouldn't be Christmas for me if I didn't get home."

And now her mother had the bags inside and she was standing by the radiator in the hallway removing her coat. "Where's Dad?" she asked.

"Still busy at the garage," her mother said. "I never know when he'll be home to dinner on a day like this!"

Jill laughed. "Sounds familiar! Dad never has been able to get his customers in hand."

"Isn't Steve with you?"

"He had to work."

"That's too bad." The older woman's face was sympathetic.

Jill put an arm around her mother as they walked into the lovely old dining room. "He insisted that I come. Steve's a darling!"

"You don't have to tell me that," her mother said. "Now you sit down and we'll have a nice cup of tea."

Jill sipped the steaming liquid that always tasted so deliciously different at home and her mother sat across from her.

The pleasant, matronly features showed a slight perplexity. "Your father will get a tree. And I'll call Wilson's about a turkey. I'm sure they'll find us a nice one."

Jill raised shapely eyebrows. "But isn't it rather late? You usually have all those things in before this."

Her mother gave an embarrassed little smile. "I might as well tell you the truth. Your father will let it out sooner or later, anyway. We didn't plan to be here this Christmas."

"Not be here?" Jill couldn't believe her ears.

"You remember the Kirkwoods? The summer people from Philadelphia? They've come back here to live the year around now that Mr. Kirkwood's retired. And they invited us to spend Christmas with them."

She put down her cup. "Oh, mother!" she said. "I'm so sorry! I should have phoned. But I wanted to surprise you . . ."

"And it is a surprise, darling! A wonderful one!" Her mother reached across and touched her hand. "To

have at least one of my youngsters home. Your father can call Mr. Kirkwood and explain."

"No." Jill's pretty face clouded. "Please don't let him do that. I'm taking the afternoon boat back to Saint John."

"I won't hear of it!" her mother protested.

"Since you have plans I'd rather be with Steve," she was quick to explain, "and it really wouldn't be like other years. We'd miss Robin and Heather."

Her mother nodded. "Things do change, my dear. But there'll be reunions again. Don't look so tragic about it."

Jill glanced at her watch. "I'll have a few hours here and then catch the boat."

AND so at five o'clock she found herself beginning the return trip to the other side of the bay. At first her father had insisted she change her mind. But she honestly felt he was relieved when she stood firmly by her decision.

Not that her parents didn't love her and want her with them. But they realized what she should have long before. Her place was with Steve. The cottage in Fundy Heights was her home. Not the hallowed cedar-shingled homestead of her memories.

She must accept these changes and realize her parents had their own lives to lead, and were sensible enough to make the adjustment to losing their family.

All these years of her marriage she had kept tormenting herself

with nostalgia for the home of her youth. She'd been torn between love for Steve and a childish yearning for those other days with her family. Might as well face it. She had been dangerously immature. And it was only Steve's understanding that had saved them.

Thinking of Steve she felt an inner glow that almost removed the heartache of the day's discoveries. She hadn't been fair to him. It took every ounce of effort and loyalty to make marriage a success and she'd allowed her interests to be divided. Even to failing him on this Christ-



mas Eve. But now she was lucky enough to have her eyes opened and she would make it up. There was still time to have a real Christmas at the cottage. Even a tree! She could pick it up on her way home.

Darkness had long ago fallen and there was a light sprinkle of snow coming down as Jill left the boat for a taxi again. Crossing the bridge to West Saint John she spotted the lights of a Christmas tree sales lot.

Leaning forward she spoke to the driver, "Would you mind stopping at that stand on the other side? I'd like to get a tree. I don't mind paying extra to have you take it along."

After a few minutes' brisk bargaining with the bundled-up man in charge of the trees she selected the nicest, bushiest fir of the lot and the taxi driver tied it in his trunk.

A feverish search in the cottage basement produced the stand Steve had made the first Christmas of their marriage. Her cheeks flushed prettily and eyes shining she went about the business of finding the boxes of ornaments stored away so long. And the strings of many-colored lights. She would trim the tree and have it ready when Steve came home from the evening shift at the express office.

Soon it was nine-thirty. Steve should arrive any minute. Standing back and studying the glowing, tinsel tree she felt a tremendous surge of pleasure. Then there was the sound of hurried footsteps coming up on the frosty snow of the front walk. Steve must have seen the lights from outside and guessed she was back.

She ran out to the hallway to meet him. He took her in his arms with delighted surprise and hugged her tightly. "What brought you back?" He held her at arm's length with a smile.

"The folks had other plans and I was lonesome for you," she said studying him with loving eyes. "Just now I want you to see our tree."

They walked to the living room doorway and Steve's face lit with happiness as he looked at it. "Wonderful!" he said.

Then it happened!

Before Jill's panic-stricken eyes the ornament-heavy tree gave a slight lurch forward and after a breathless second of hesitation crashed down on the floor in front of them.

She burst into tears as Steve rushed forward to battle the chaos. When he came back to her she was dabbing at her eyes. He took her in his arms again. "It's all right," he said. "If you'll help, I'll have it up again in a few minutes. There's not much damage. A half-dozen ornaments."

In the next half-hour they were really busy. But when they finished, the tree was back in place and looking almost as nice as before. And they'd had the fun of repairing the damage together. They sat on the floor in front of it.

"Even has a star on top!" Steve grinned at her. "Now all I need do is find a fat turkey and trimmings for my wife to cook tomorrow."

"It's too late, Steve. The stores must all be closed!"

"I'll find one," he promised her.

"The little one at the end of the avenue is always open late."

Promising to be back in time for them to go to midnight service he left to get the groceries. As he walked off in the lazily falling snow Jill watched after him from the window.

A gentle smile crossed her face. This would in time become a new pattern for nostalgia. One of these days they would have children of their own. What had happened tonight would be one of their treasured memories in the future. The Christmas days with her parents were of the past. This was her home now.

Never again the snowball battles with Robin and Heather. The skating at the frozen-solid brook with its wondrous world of ferns at the bottom. The walks in the woods broken by the chatter of a red squirrel on a hemlock bough as he took apart a white pine cone. The long table laden with turkey, mother's special Christmas cake and the glorious spicy aroma of home-made pies! The comforting murmur of conversation and the bursts of joyful laughter in the big dining room. All memories now!

And rightly so! It had been good. But this could be better. Jill's eyes blurred with a happy moistness. And she was certain now where her heart belonged. Here in this cottage with Steve. She was glad to be home for Christmas! ■ ■

Truth is stranger than fiction, probably because fewer people have been introduced to it.—S. S. Biddle

Taking Christmas to Sea

by Joseph C. Salak



THE rituals and traditions of Christmas are legion around the world, but there are a few that are more than unusual, unique and pleasant as they spread cheer and happiness during the yuletide.

Consider *The Valkyrie*, that radiant Christmas ship which since 1949 appears like a blaze of jewels against the winter night cruising along the waterfront of Seattle stopping to spread joy at many docks and shore points—Four Mile Rock, Cozy Cover, Madrona Beach, Dabney Point, Puget Sound and Lake Union.

One week before Christmas the sleek white ship with a chorus and orchestra and alive with Christmas lights and a tall Christmas tree glowing amidship is escorted by the Coast Guard and private cruisers as it winds its musical way through the fresh- and salt-water shores of Seattle's lakes and harbors. Everywhere thousands gather around beach fires and community trees and on the city's hills to hear the concerts of seasonal music floating softly from over the water.

The man who started the beautiful custom of taking Christmas to sea and firmly believed that music is a basic form of recreation is Paul V. Brown, Superintendent of Parks in Seattle. This novel seagoing carol festival is entirely a civic project. The 106-foot ship is donated for the occasion by Norman Berg, the owner; the services of the crew are voluntary, performances by the singers and musicians are given with the generous spirit of the season and even the fuel for the ship is a gift from Seattle's citizens. ■ ■



This 92-year-old woman from Hong Kong is among the world's silent billion.

One of the great men of our generation—Dr. Frank Laubach—has alerted the Western world to the importance of teaching the silent billion how to read and write. “Each One Teach One” is the motto of Laubach’s literacy campaign. Lit-Lit of the National Council of Churches carries on and intensifies the work begun by Laubach.

By Aubrey B. Haines

and James W. Carty, Jr.

New Hope

Dr. Frank C. Laubach, a Congregational missionary, looked sadly at the smoke-blackened ruins of a Christian church, one of several which had been burned by fierce Moslem Moros. The scene was a village in Lanao Province on the big southern Island of Mindanao in the Philippines.

Later that lonely evening, a disappointed and disillusioned Laubach left his cottage, trudged out of the village and climbed Signal Hill. His sense of heartbreak was not stilled by the sight of the incomparable splendor of the scene—where hills and sky and shining waters of lakes and the distant sea blended into one of nature’s majestic moments.

At Laubach’s feet, as he knelt to pray, was his little black dog, Tip. Suddenly the deep despair and doubt of the religious man were driven aside as his lips began to move.

“It seemed that God was speaking through my voice,” Laubach, now the world’s most famous literacy-literature-linguistic leader recalls. He learned why he had failed to introduce Christianity.

The voice said:

“My child, you have failed because you do not really love these

for the Silent Billion

Moros. If you want the Moros to be fair to your religion, be fair to theirs. Study the Koran with them."

Laubach, who had received the Ph.D. at Teachers College at Columbia University, was a man who not only could educate others but who also could accept the teachings directed to him. He sought out the panditas, the Moslem priests, and they eagerly crowded into his cottage to teach him their Holy Scriptures, the Koran, written in Arabic.

Not many Filipino adults, Laubach discovered, could read. As he became a closer friend of the Moros, he realized he should learn more about Maranaw, their language. But it was not written down. So he got someone to teach him; it was Pambaya, an ex-convict, a murderer who had killed someone in self-defense. Now Laubach began to analyze the language and to write a dictionary. In time he started a literacy campaign to teach adults how to read.

At a meeting, Kakai Dagalangit, an important dato (chief), rose to declare:

"People think that Moros do nothing but murder and steal and spit betel nut. But now we have stopped being foolish and are getting educated."

And, in almost contradictory tone of force that strangely conflicted with his concern for others, Dagalangit said sternly:

"The literacy campaign is the only hope for Lanao. Everybody who learns must teach somebody else. If he doesn't I'll kill him." Strange words but they proved effective.

THE insight of that chief inspired Laubach, showed him how a rapid-fire literacy movement could develop among hundreds of million people in a few decades. It was the "Each One Teach One" method. A new literate was to teach another. Thus he would reinforce his own learning and fix the new words in his own mind. He also would have the feeling of the spirit of sharing with another, the respect of teaching another.

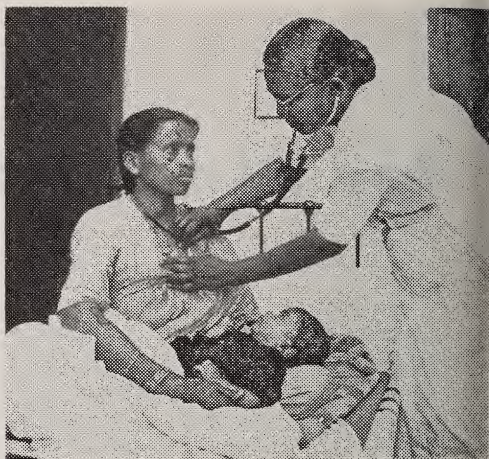
Laubach, using a curriculum centered around his phonetic reading system, conducted a campaign which helped approximately ninety per cent of the Moro tribesmen to learn to read in a few months. He designed a picture-word-syllable chart. In this approach, the adult student begins his learning with consonants. He sees the letter "b" superimposed on a picture of a bird

and learns the b sound; or he sees a letter "c" superimposed on a picture of a cup.

The time of that famous experimental Moro campaign was three decades ago. Since then, Dr. Laubach has worked with about 260 languages and dialects in ninety-seven countries. In the literacy campaigns initiated by or stimulated by his efforts and direction, several million adults have learned to read.

Laubach knows that teaching adults to read begins at home, in the United States. The last census showed that approximately ten million adult citizens, twenty-five years of age and over, are illiterate. They are what is termed a functional illiterate—that is, one with fewer than five years of schooling, a person who never learned to read well or who through lack of reading lapsed back into illiteracy. This problem of illiteracy is widespread and exists in almost every state in the nation. It is a serious scandal.

Laubach's followers recently began America's first mass television attack on illiteracy and the ignorance accompanying it. For thirty minutes, four days a week, lessons are conducted on how to read. The program is broadcast by eleven commercial and three educational TV stations which cover Alabama, North and South Carolina, and one-third of Tennessee. In this area which has more than five million adult men and women, there are more than two hundred and ten thousand adults who never attended school and some one million, one hundred-sixty thousand persons who



In an Indian hospital, aided by many churches, a patient is examined.

attended less than five years of school.

The tele-literacy stems from the use of the Laubach program beginning four years ago by WKNO-TV in Memphis. In one four month period, some two thousand illiterates learned how to read and write.

Plans are to build a World Literacy Center at Memphis. Dr. Laubach's name headed the list of incorporators when a charter for the World Literacy Foundation was obtained not too many months ago. It would include a huge auditorium, facilities for training teachers, and preparing materials to be sent throughout the world to help teach the illiterates.

The Laubach-inspired literacy lessons have been adapted with UNESCO aid for TV use in India, Africa and the Middle East.

Either or both the mass media ap-

proach or the individual "Each One Teach One" method should be used in areas with large proportions of illiterates. California has some four hundred forty thousand adults who cannot read; New York has a figure twice that high.

LEADERS who have worked with and studied Dr. Laubach's methods and who are performing a significant task here in the United States and in other countries are numerous. They include Dr. Richard Cortright, who has worked abroad with Laubach. Dr. Cortright now directs a literacy center out of Baylor University at Waco, Texas.

For many years, Dr. Laubach was associated with the Committee on World Literacy and Christian Literature, a unit of the Foreign Missions Division of the National Council of Churches. This committee, known as Lit-Lit, has carried on and intensified the work begun by Laubach on the different continents. It sponsors literacy houses, literacy conferences, and its staff members help guide mission groups as they produce literature and direct literacy campaigns on the fields.

Dr. Laubach's son, Robert Laubach, teaches courses on subjects related to literacy at Syracuse University School of Journalism. His students are both conducting campaigns and teaching others to read and are preparing simple, easy-to-read materials, in the far corners of the world. He himself gained the experience through serving on many literacy teams led by his father.

As adults learn to read around the world, they receive an adult education in a hurry. They thrill to the delight of developing new ideas, of reading books; print has a fascination, a power for them. Often, mothers and fathers grow spiritually, politically, socially, economically, healthfully, ethically at the same time that their sons and daughters are acquiring this ability to read in formal schools.

Around the world the illiteracy problem is serious and hurts the political, social, economic, and religious development of nations. Approximately one-half of the world's two billion, six hundred million adults cannot read. Frank Laubach has termed this group of individuals who cannot read "the silent billion." They have dreams and hopes and aspirations, but lack the power to express themselves through writing. The coming new world is denied them. They cannot voice their opinions in creating an ideal world, a Christ-centered world. They cannot read the Bible. They cannot read the classics. They cannot even read their daily newspaper. Increasingly, they are unable to cope with the complexities of the modern, civilized world.

Yet, in the space age they must move twenty centuries in a year—from the witch doctor culture to twentieth century civilization. In some countries of Asia or Africa, up to eighty and ninety percent of the adults cannot read. There are millions of illiterates in Asia, South America, even in Europe.

At seventy-five, Frank Laubach

still is active. He lectures writers and others at literacy conferences. Through the years, he has been a valued consultant of governments.

He is still keenly promoting the cause of literacy. His magnetic personality has been a vital factor in influencing people from all walks of life to go out and teach others. He has given others the vision of the compelling urgency of teaching the silent billions to read.

For Laubach has shown that where there is poverty and illiteracy and hunger and need, the threat of communism exists. He has warned that if the democracies do not take up their responsibility of teaching others to read and supplying people with reading materials, then the communists will step into the underdeveloped countries. The result will be a loss of the love of liberty in the world.

Now, Laubach is still at work summoning America's best brains and writers to go out and write the challenging materials that will win a world for Christ.

Through the enthusiasm of men like Laubach, men and women are learning the importance of teaching people how to read. ■ ■

Good Provider

A young fellow just back from honeymooning was being enriched in wisdom by questioning a long-married friend. "Now, about finances," he pursued. "Do you provide your wife with a checking account, monthly allowance, or whatever amount she requests?"

"My boy," intoned the Voice of Experience, "I provide all three."

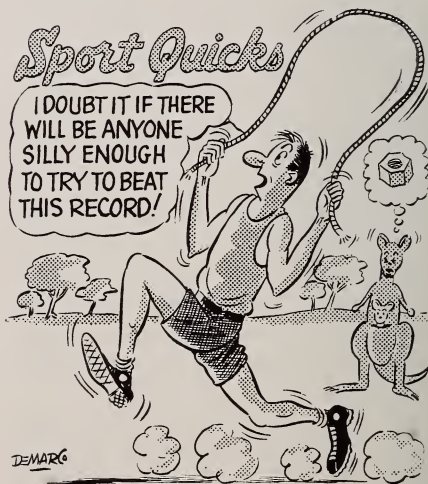
SINCE YOU UNDERSTOOD

Not alone do we exult
In times that give to us our due;
We thank Thee, Lord, for difficult
And arduous days by which we grew.

For trials that fined us to the strength
To patiently our trials endure.
Till we could cast them off, at length,
With wisdom new and good and sure.

Now we enjoy a livelihood
More abundant, large and free,
Since, O Lord, You understood
Our limits—and capacity!

—Helen Harrington



SOME people would go to extremes in order to establish a record . . . here's one fellow who did so and he put the girls to shame.

Back in August of 1935 Tom Morris, an Australian, skipped rope for 28 days, making a total of 590 miles! It took him 472,000 hops to do it, averaging six feet each hop.

America's
favorite
Christmas
bloom.



The Blooms of Christmas

AMERICA'S favorite Christmas bloom is the brilliant poinsettia. It was named for Dr. Joel R. Poinsett, first Minister of the United States to Mexico. When he saw these bright red blossoms growing wild, he liked them so well that he had cuttings made which he sent to his South Carolina plantation. The scarlet blooms, which have become the very symbol of the yule season, ranked number one in a recent survey by Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association to discover the most popular Christmas floral decorations.

Holly Discovered by the Pilgrims

Holly, which has grown in America for hundreds of years, is considered a universal herald of the holidays. The leaves and berries are valued purely for their decorative effect, yet as far back as the Druids, holly was considered magic against evil spirits. It was also an important ingredient of primitive medicines, used to cure everything from colic to broken bones.

Greenery on the Bough

When someone wires you an arrangement of greens and holly, you

may take pleasure in reflecting that the wreath still means, as it did in Roman days, that good wishes and esteem are entwined in the leaves. Romans decked their halls with greens at weddings, and this custom is now the basis for the use of scented greenery used in homes and churches at Christmas.

The symbolism of the familiar Christmas tree, on the other hand, stems from the tree worship of the Druids. Yet there is a belief that the first yule tree was a palm brought from Egypt, the twelve parts of the palm signifying the twelve apostles.

Other Favorites

Gaining in seasonal popularity during the last few years, according to the FTD survey, are azaleas, Christmas begonias, kalanchoe, cyclamen, and pepper plants (also called cherry plants). These blooms add to the festive air and endure beyond the holidays to brighten any room in the house.

For the orchid fancier, nothing could be more exciting than to receive new colors in orchid plants as a gift.

Arrangements

In cut flower arrangements for the yuletide holidays, there is little doubt that the leader in the dazzling array of red blooms is the Happiness rose. The survey also reveals that red and white carnations, and varicolored chrysanthemums are great American favorites.

Florists now group cut flowers in combination with holly, pine sprays



The "red, red rose," bright with the color of yuletide, is also a traditional symbol of love and sentiment.

and berry clusters in charming, individualized arrangements. For mantels, tables and door adornments, these make exceptional and thoughtful gifts for any home.

Children appreciate Christmas flower arrangements designed especially for them. They love a child's-size tree fashioned of boxwood and garlanded with carnations and silver beads, or even a flowering lollipop bush created to be eaten as well as sniffed.

The flower that invariably pleases young and old is the poinsettia—the brilliant bloom of Christmas. ■■

The Story of Handel's Messiah

By Aubrey B. Haines

MANY things were first rejected before they won popular acclaim. Handel's oratorio, the *Messiah*, is a case in point. For years the composer and his Italian operas had been the rage of London. Furthermore, Handel had become known for his superb playing of the organ. Then the public of the eighteenth century became fickle like people of today. They began to tire of Handel's operas, and the composer could not believe it.

He had earned a good-sized fortune from his operas. Now he lost it by staging his productions to empty houses. In addition, his best singer deserted him for a rival opera company. Handel sank deeply into debt. He had a paralytic stroke and could no longer use his right arm, play, nor conduct. He seemed a broken man in health and in spirit.

On the night of August 24, 1471, he wandered aimlessly through London's streets, feeling in his heart bitterness, defeat, and depression. Nothing mattered to him any longer, he told himself, for he had lost faith in his ability to compose and regain prestige.

Returning to his flat in Hanover Square, he set about mechanically

lighting the candles in his study. Suddenly a package on his desk caught his eye. Beside it was an envelope in the handwriting of his librettist, Charles Jennens. The man had left him a compilation of scriptural texts called *Messiah*, which, he hoped, Handel could use for a new oratorio.

At first the composer had many misgivings. Jennens, he knew, was a second-rate, pampered poet. Had he the audacity to think that these words could inspire a great oratorio? Why had he not sent him an opera instead of an oratorio text? Leafing his way through the manuscript, Handel came upon a passage that caught his eye: "He was despised and rejected of men. . . . He looked for someone to have pity on him, but there was no man; neither found he any to comfort him."

These were words which the composer could identify himself. He read further: "He trusted God. . . . He will give you rest." Suddenly the words began to come alive and to glow with meaning. "Wonderful Counselor," "I know that my Redeemer liveth. . . . Rejoice. . . . Hallelujah!"

No longer was Handel depressed,

hopeless, and uninspired. At once the harmonies of mighty choruses and the music of orchestra and organ deluged the barren mind of the man. Reaching for his pen, he began to put the notes onto paper. With incredible speed he filled page after page. All night long he worked, without sleeping.

The next morning his manservant found him bent over his desk. Putting the breakfast tray within easy reach, he slipped quietly away. On returning at noon, he found that the tray had not been touched. On the floor were many pages of music score that Handel had filled in the meantime.

Night and day the music poured forth from the composer's soul. The inspiration always came faster than the crippled fingers could capture the melodies and transfer them into notes. For three weeks Handel worked in such feverish excitement that he admitted afterward, "Whether I was in my body or out of my body as I wrote it, I know not."

For twenty-four days Handel labored like a fiend. Then he fell on his bed exhausted. On his desk lay the score of the *Messiah*, one of the greatest oratorios ever written. As though in a coma Handel slept for seventeen hours.

His servant, thinking that he was dying, sent for the doctor. However, before the doctor arrived, Handel was up, asking for food. He ate greedily and then lighted his pipe, laughed, and heartily joked with the doctor.

"If you've come for a friendly

visit, I shall like it," he said. "But I won't have you poking over my body. There's nothing wrong with me."

THAT autumn he received from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland an invitation to visit Dublin and present some of his music for that nation. Since London would have none of him, the composer graciously accepted and took the *Messiah* to Ireland along with his own soloists. Handel would accept nothing for his work. The proceeds of the performance must go to charity, he declared. "A miracle lifted me from the deepest despondency," he said. "Now let it be the hope of the world."

As he had hoped, the profits amounted to more than \$2,000. Furthermore, he found here none of the rejection that he had received in London. In Dublin he had merged two choirs and rehearsed the work. Excitement mounted as the date of the first performance approached. All the tickets were sold quickly. To make room for



more patrons, women were asked to come without hoops on their dresses, and men were requested to leave their swords at home. Hence a hall that otherwise held six hundred persons allowed for the attendance of seven hundred in all. Crowds waited at the doors hours before the opening. The response of that first audience was tumultuous.

But Handel was under no illusions. Just because Dublin had acclaimed his masterpiece was no guarantee that London would accept it. Returning to England, he allowed a year to go before finding the courage to offer *Messiah* to the London public. Then he finally announced a series of performances to be given in March, 1743, at Covent Garden Theater.

As if this was a cue for a storm to arise, his enemies at once went into battle. As fast as Handel could have posters erected, street urchins were hired to tear them down. To deprive the composer of his audiences, society matrons organized dances and private concerts on oratorio nights and deliberately sent invitations to his patrons.

Theatergoers who giggled over the suggestive farces then on the English stage raised hypocritical protests against Handel for profaning the Bible by setting parts of it to dramatic music.

Though Handel was upset, he saw the production through. Three performances in 1743, however, were a failure, and two more in 1745 and in 1749 resulted in but slight success.

Then in 1750, as a governor of London's Foundling Hospital, Handel contributed a fine organ for the new chapel of the institution and offered to dedicate it in the spring with a special performance of his "Sacred Oratorio."

On the day of the concert the chapel was crowded to its one thousand capacity, and many persons had to be turned away. Here in the solemnity of the chapel the music made so great an impression that the composer was begged to repeat its performance. At last it was generally accepted!

He divided the *Messiah* into three sections. Part I contains the prophecy and narrative of the Nativity. Part II tells the story of the Passion and the Resurrection, reaching a climax in the mighty "Hallelujah Chorus." And Part III deals with man's hope of his own resurrection.

With the presentation of the oratorio for the London Foundling Hospital benefits, the composer was reaccepted by London society. Society people sought to be present and did not mind being packed like sardines into the narrow concert hall. Noblemen and their wives rushed to throw open their doors to the composer, and the Royal Family beamed its favor.

The *Messiah's* benefit performances fostered the orphan, fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and relieved suffering more than any single musical production before or since then. ■ ■

The moon seems to have more effect on the untied than on the tide.—Al Spong.



What We Think Christmas Is

CHRISTMAS is celebration; and celebration is instinct in the heart. With gift and feast, with scarlet ribbon and fresh green bough, with merriment and the sound of music, we commend the day—oasis in the long, long landscape of the commonplace. Through how many centuries, through how many threatening circumstances, has Christmas been celebrated since the cry came ringing down the ages, "Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

Christmas is celebration, but the traditions that cluster sweetly around the day have significance only if they translate the heart's intention—the yearning of the human spirit to encompass and express faith and hope and love. Without this intention, the gift is bare, and the celebration a touch of tinsel, and the time without meaning. As these attributes, exemplifying the divine spark in mankind, informed the first Christmas and have survived the onslaughts of relentless time, so do they shine untarnished in this present Year of our Lord.

Faith and hope and love, which cannot be bought or sold or bartered but only given away, are the wellsprings, firm and deep, of Christmas celebration. These are the gifts without price, the ornaments incapable of imitation, discovered only within oneself and therefore unique. They are not always easy to come by; but they are in unlimited supply, ever in the province of all.

This Christmas, mend a quarrel. Seek out a forgotten friend. Dis-

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miss suspicion, and replace it with trust. Write a love letter. Share some treasure. Give a soft answer. Encourage youth. Manifest your loyalty in word and deed. Keep a promise. Find the time. Forego a grudge. Forgive an enemy. Listen. Apologize if you were wrong. Try to understand. Flout envy. Examine your demands on others. Think first of someone else. Appreciate. Be kind; be gentle. Laugh a little. Laugh a little more. Deserve confidence. Take up arms against malice. Decry complacency. Express your gratitude. Go to church. Welcome a stranger. Gladden the heart of a child. Take pleasure in the beauty and wonder of the earth. Speak your love. Speak it again. Speak it still once again. These are but inklings of a vast category; a mere scratching of the surface. They are simple things; you have heard them all before; but their influence has never been measured.

Christ is celebration, and there is no celebration that compares with the realization of its true meaning—with the sudden stirring of the heart that has extended itself toward the core of life. Then, only then, is it possible to grasp the significance of that first Christmas—to savor in the inward ear the wild, sweet music of the angel choir; to envision the star-struck sky, and glimpse, behind the eyelids, the ray of light that fell athwart a darkened path and changed the world.

—The Editors





The Miraculous Book

By William L. Roper

BOB'S eyes strayed nervously from the bundle of stolen money in his battered suitcase to the little firmly bound book. His lips tightened in a grim line, the blood pounded in his temples. He wished now that he had never listened to Al—Al, who had said it would be so easy. He wished, too, that he could shut out the memory of the store manager's face—the sudden fear in the man's blue eyes when Al said, "It's a stick-up."

Bob hadn't intended to hurt the man. But things had happened so fast. Now Al was dead, the store manager wounded.

"Please, God." Bob was surprised at his own voice—husky and frightened. "Please, God, don't let him die."

Almost instinctively Bob reached down, touching the little firmly bound book. It was the New Testament given him when he enlisted in the Navy at the beginning of World War II.

Several times during the war, Bob opened the little book curiously when he was sure no one was watching. But he had never read it for fear of being ridiculed by his buddy, Al. The only reason he had kept it

was because of a superstitious feeling that it might somehow serve as a good luck charm—protect him from danger. Al had kidded him about that, too. Now Al was dead.

Picking up the book, Bob began to read. To make a long story short: he gave himself up to the law and confessed. The wounded store manager recovered.

WHILE serving his term in prison, Bob became a Christian. He is now the pastor of a church in California. And while Bob is not his real name, his story is true. The store robbery occurred in San Bernardino, California, and Bob surrendered to officers after fleeing to a hide-out in the desert, near Barstow, California.

Among those who can vouch for Bob's New Testament-inspired reformation is Virgil Easley, a Gideon and seventy-four-year-old lay preacher of Pomona, California, who for thirty-five years visited prisoners in the local jails and conducted Sunday services in the Pomona city jail.

"I've known of several similar cases of men being converted and led to Christ by gift Bibles and New

Testaments," said Easley, a Gideon chaplain. "Even those who steal Gideon Bibles from hotels and auto-courts are often reformed by them. From my long experience among prisoners, I am convinced the Holy Word can change lives."

Of course, many ex-servicemen can testify to the miraculous power that the small testaments, given them on entering service have exerted in changing their lives and in comforting them in times of stress.

Robert A. Randolph is one of them. Drafted in 1944, he received a New Testament, a gift of the Gideons, with his first issue of U.S. Navy clothing.

"This book lay unnoticed and unwanted in my seabag for some months," Randolph recalls. "But as time passed, I found myself reading from it. Its words convicted me of my sins. . ."

Randolph became a Christian while serving in the South Pacific during World War II. He is now pastor of the Methodist Church in Blue Jay, West Virginia. He credits the gift Testament with bringing about his conversion.

While serving with the U.S. Army Medical Corps during World War II, G. L. Bixby began reading his gift Testament and . . . "it told how to become a Christian." He is today the pastor of the Pentecostal Church of God in Greenville, S.C.

MANY others tell how their gift Testaments gave them courage and inspired hope during the darkest hours of the war. Skipper Karl Nejely of the sea-going tug,

U.S. Army Lt. 551, relates an incident that illustrates the point, although it occurred during the Korean conflict.

One dark, foggy night, Skipper Nejely was cautiously feeling his way around the many islands, off the Korean coast. The objective of his ocean-going tug was to remove guerrilla troops from an island where they were causing trouble for the U.N. forces.

"Radar could pick up the outline of the islands and dangerous places," Nejely explains, "but only God could direct us through the mine fields which radar could not detect."

With his hand on his New Testament, Skipper Nejely prayed for safe conduct for his craft through the treacherous mine field. Then calm and reassured, his tenseness gone, Skipper Nejely steered his tug safely through the mined waters.

Experiences such as these convince those distributing free Bibles and New Testaments of the importance of their mission. Several organizations are now engaged in this work. Two of the best known are the Gideons International and the American Bible Society.

Organized in New York in 1816, the Bible Society has distributed in the United States and other lands three hundred sixty-eight million volumes of Scripture, including 11,394,200 volumes in 1946 in 123 languages.

The Society, supported principally by gifts from churches and individuals, is an interdenominational and non-profit organization with headquarters at 450 Park Avenue,

New York City. In addition to distributing Bibles, the Society aids translators who are busy putting the Scriptures into new tongues and revising translations already made.

The Gideons, formally organized at the Y.M.C.A. in Janesville, Wisconsin, on July 1, 1899, has grown into Gideons International, with 1,121 Gideon camps throughout the world and a total membership of nearly nineteen thousand persons. Including the more than fifteen million Testaments given to men in the armed services, the Gideons have distributed 37,895,290 New Testaments and 5,848,800 Bibles.

These have been given out on planes, trains, and ships at sea, in penal institutions, schools and hotel rooms. In fact, they are now passing out Bibles in fifty-four countries, having organized camps in Bolivia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Curacao Colony, Paraguay, St. Vincent and Surinam during the past year.

But even more interesting than these statistics is the story of how the Gideons, an organization of Christian businessmen, came into being.

Stopping at a small brick hotel in Boscobel, Wisconsin, the evening of September 14, 1898, John H. Nicholson, a Chicago traveling salesman, asked for a room.

"Sorry, Mr. Nicholson," John Church, the hotel manager, said. "But there's no room available. The Central's full up."

But at Mr. Nicholson's insistence that he had to have a place to sleep, Mr. Church suggested that he might

share a room with a drummer from Beloit, Mr. Sam Hill. A big, genial man, Mr. Hill nodded agreeably.

As they were getting ready to turn in for the night, Nicholson asked Hill if he minded leaving the light on for a few minutes.

"I promised my mother who died when I was thirteen that I'd read a chapter of the Bible every night before going to sleep," Nicholson explained.

Hill smiled. "I'm a Christian, too. I'll join you."

After Nicholson had read his chapter, the two men got to talking about the low opinion that so many of the people in the smaller towns had of traveling men. There should be some way, they decided, to show the people that many drummers were "God-fearing men" and not the immoral creatures they were so generally reputed to be. It was during this conversation that they received the inspiration of organizing their traveling men into an evangelistic body. At the meeting the following year in the Janesville Y.M.C.A. with a third traveling salesman, William Knights, they chose the name Gideons.

Gideon, they recalled, was the Old Testament hero who delivered his people from the aggression of the Midianites by obeying the instructions given him by an angel. With a small army, the Israelite leader had routed a much larger force because of his inspired strategy and the realization that God was with him.

They saw their problem of evangelizing their fellow traveling

(Continued on page 45)



The Stars Look Down

By Grover Brinkman

A BIT frightened, Beth Reynolds stood on an outcropping at the canyon's rim, watching the red convertible grow ever smaller in the hazy distance.

It had been far from easy, saying good-bye to Matt Henderson. His last words, "I'll see you Christmas!" were still ringing in her ears, plus the realization that Christmas was far away.

This was her initial trip to the Southwest. The immensity of the desert, stretching away, seemed ilimitable. The wind whipped at her titian hair, and she felt the sun burn into her unprotected skin with an intensity she knew would soon give her a painful burn. Still she stood there, torn between two desires.

This hard, harsh land, part of the Acoma Reservation, startled her in

Beth took the Indians into her heart and then faced the crusader's constant problem of getting a complacent people to act to meet their great needs.

its emptiness. She had a sudden desire to run after Matt, to tell him that it was only the dream of a young, irresponsible girl, this incessant desire to teach on this reservation.

And still she knew this was fear talking, not her true self. There was no retreat now, despite the trepidation she felt at the moment.

It had started the day she met Johnny Whitesilver and his sister, Joni, at Culver-Stockton. When she heard from Johnny's own lips the needs of his people, her decision was quickly made. Appraised of her desire, the church mission board made all the necessary arrangements.

"The High Mesa clan at Coyote Wells," the official letter read. "Resident teacher: Marion Hardy, who will share quarters with you. Transportation will be provided from Black Butte canyon."

This was the spot. Matt's car was a speck in the distance. And waiting for her was a battered-looking jeep, and a bronzed young Acoma, her former classman, Johnny Whitesilver.

"Better changel!" Johnny said simply.

"Change? Why?"

"The wind," he said, "and the sand."

At first she thought he was kidding. But he wasn't.

She smiled as she came back to

the jeep. Johnny was dressed in blue jeans and a velvet shirt today, quite a change from his conventional garb at college. She noticed, too, his turquoise and silver ornaments, his high-heeled boots. But his smile was the same.

"I am so glad," he said simply. "My people will be thankful, too."

"Coyote Wells is off the highway," the mission board had informed her. She realized now how inadequate that statement had been. Twenty miles from Black Butte, the road simply disappeared.

"Beth, you must be thrilled!" friends at college had told her. "To teach in a real Indian school. Coyote Wells—even the name sounds romantic!"

"Just dreamy, Beth!"

"Bet you fall in love with an Indian, Beth!"

Her friends were miles away now. The jeep chugged deeper and deeper into the desert. Finally the trail dipped into an arroyo. Johnny pulled the jeep close to a protecting ledge, produced a flask of water.

"Need a drink?"

She couldn't help but question him as she handed back the flask.

"Johnny, how can your people exist here—in this desert?"

"They have no choice." Suddenly his young face was sober. "Remember, this is a reservation. We are



wards of the government."

Already a little seed of protest was sprouting in her consciousness—the unfairness of it all.

THE trail dipped into a canyon, then started a stiff climb. At last she saw the 'dobe buildings, the village on the slope. They passed several small herds of sheep. A woman sat weaving under a willow shelter; children played near one of the buildings. With a shock she realized the structure was the school.

Marion Hardy was perhaps five years her senior. She was a tall, tanned girl with a ready smile, a warm handshake. Her eyes were hidden behind sun-glasses, but Beth was certain they were blue.

"It'll be a bit tough at first," Marion said, after introductions. "We're handicapped, for one thing. You'll fight prejudices, poverty, disease. You'll teach, nurse, even doctor—"

Beth, suddenly frightened, just stared. "I don't quite understand—"

Marion turned to Johnny. "Didn't our man of culture give you the real lowdown?"

Johnny was smiling again. "I didn't want to scare her off like a frightened rabbit, Marion—"

"Well, kiddo, let me give it to you straight. After the first shock, you'll get used to it. To sum it up, it seems the powers that be aren't too concerned with their red brothers back here in the desert—"

Beth was silent, watching the eager-eyed children clustering about them.

"We aren't very modern for one

thing," Marion continued, pushing through a low doorway. "Here's our suite at the Waldorf—"

Beth gazed about the small room in disbelief. Just a bed, a washstand and basin, a small table, chairs. "Well, at least it seems cool," she rationalized.

"The 'dobe walls. Now I'll show you the classroom."

It was another 'dobe building. Old-fashioned desks, chipped blackboards. Marion led the way outside. "These are the high mesa people," she explained. "Tragically poor. Not because they're lazy, but simply because they haven't a chance—"

"You mean—"

"The land itself, Beth. Look about. What do you see? Sand, mesquite, desert. It seldom rains. An Acoma family is lucky to own a dozen sheep."

Beth went to bed that night, to lay there and stare open-eyed at the ceiling. Sleep would not come. Instead, she saw pitiful little faces, the Acoma children, some of them hungry, all of them so poor and ill-clothed that her pity was slowly turning to anger.

"If only Matt had remained for a few days—to see for himself," she mumbled. "Matt couldn't pass up a starved puppy—"

Matt was a writer-illustrator on the staff of a national magazine. His editor, Beth knew, was an influential man in Washington's politics. He could no doubt be induced to— She dozed off to sleep.

Beth found her first day in school both thrilling and heart-rending. Thirty-seven children were jammed

in the small classroom. At first they all looked alike: alert round faces, big inquisitive eyes, hair black as a raven's wing—and ready smiles. But soon she noticed their distinct personalities.

"You have hair like sunset," a little girl told her.

"Suppose I'm the only red-head on the reservation. Someone want to trade?"

They all laughed, and she was one of them.

It was near the end of the first day that she became conscious of the coughing. At first she presumed it was a wave of colds. But finally she began listening to it, with fear building up in her heart. That night she asked Marion about it.

"It isn't a cold, is it, Marion?"

"No. About one in three, I'd say."

"Can't we do something?"

"Sure. Sympathize with them. Get them into a hospital bed—if and when."

"Marion, you don't mean—"

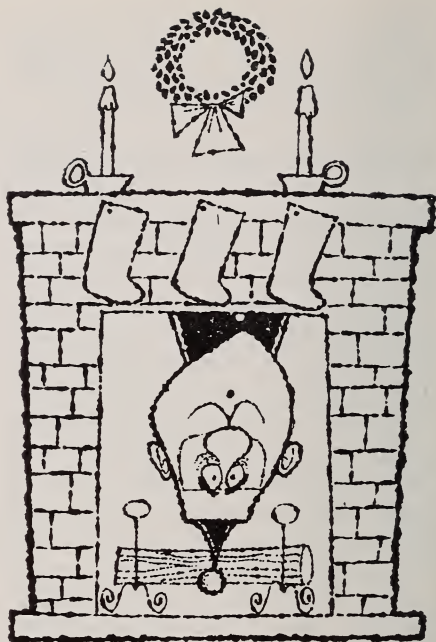
"Exactly. Never enough beds. First, it's their primitive living conditions. Add malnutrition, no sanitation. You come up with—the cough."

DAYS passed. Then at dusk one evening Johnny Whitesilver walked her to the end of the mesa, pointed. "What do you see?" he asked.

"A long, tapering valley, ending in the steep canyon."

"Let your eye travel from the black lava rocks on your left, across the dry creekbed, to the opposite cliff—"

"I see—"



"If a dam spanned that canyon, we'd have a lake, and irrigation—"

She caught his enthusiasm. "Of course—"

He turned to face her, and something died in his eyes. "Why dream of the impossible? Politicians never build dams on Indian reservations—"

That night she lay awake again. Why, oh why, could men be so callous to other men? She'd write letters, she decided at last—dozens of letters. To the men in high places. But would her letters be read? If only Matt were here—

She went with little Mary Concho the next evening, to break bread with her family. Mary was a cute little girl of nine, alert, thirsting for

knowledge. Beth came home, appalled. "Marion, they eat from a common dish—"

"How'd you like the ventilation?"

"All of these things add to their illness!"

"I know, kiddo. Get good and mad. I did, the first year I was here. Now I'm just passive, staring at a wall high and hopeless—"

"I won't—stare at a wall!" Beth said determinedly.

The next day she spent hours trying to call Matt at his office. When the call finally came through, it was to inform her that Matt had been assigned to a story of national significance, wouldn't be back in the office for days.

Her problems mounted. At first she tried to disregard the coughing. But finally she found herself clenching her fists. At night she wrote letters, sort of a fetish, night after night.

But no replies came, and the drab life went on. At last she began to understand Marion's attitude. If you took these things to heart, they'd kill you. So you built a wall around your emotions, but all the time you wanted to cry. You wanted to gather up these wan little bodies and make them well again. But how? The nearest clinic was at Rimrock, constantly filled.

"If only the people back home knew about these children!" she lamented. "Why aren't they told?"

The next day she received a short, cheery note from Matt. It was mailed from a little town in South Dakota.

A month passed. And it brought

three more letters from Matt, each one mailed in a different state. Suddenly she was puzzled. What type of story could Matt be doing?

THERE came a time when they needed beds for four acutely ill children. She phoned in daily, and she was rebuffed at last. There were no beds. Wait your turn!

Not a single reply to her letters. She decided at last that she couldn't stand it another day. She knew what Marion was talking about now—the high wall.

"I'm going home, Marion. I can't stand it another day—seeing them suffer—"

Marion didn't answer.

"They'll send a replacement, won't they?"

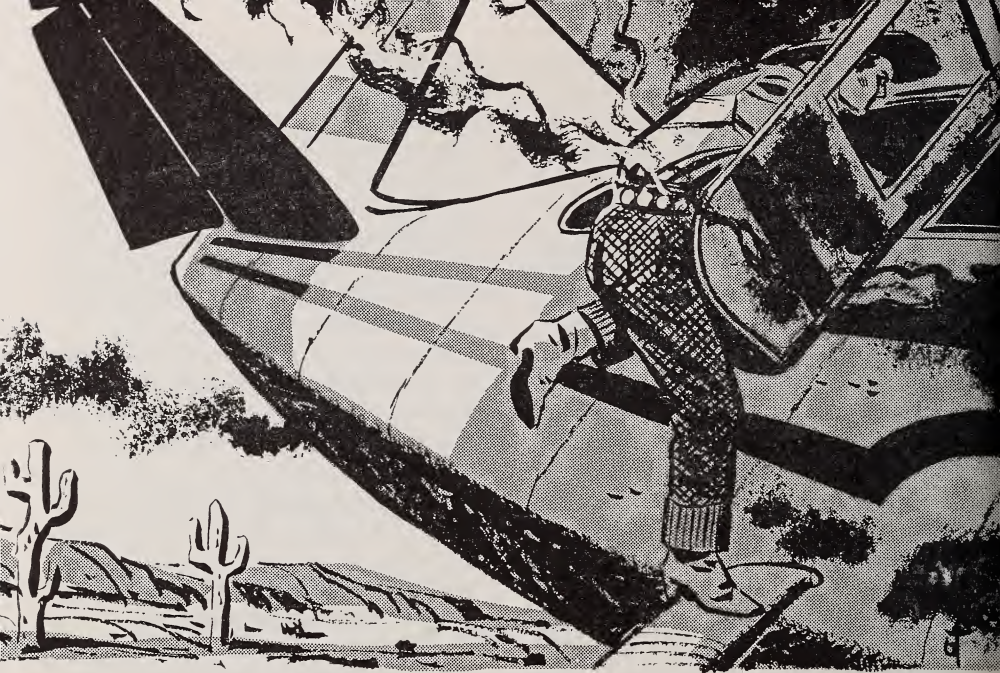
Still no answer. Beth turned her tear-stained face to the wall.

She awoke to someone shouting. It was Johnny. He was excited about something. She dressed quickly, and with Marion, bolted outside. Johnny stood there, pointing into the early-morning sky. A small monoplane was circling the mesa. Beth could hear the staccato hit-and-miss of its motor.

"He's in trouble!" Johnny said.

They ran for the jeep. The plane was lower now, the prop dead, and she knew that somehow the pilot must maneuver to come in against the wind, skimming the mesa top, or crack up in the lava rocks near the south rim.

"He's coming in too high!" Johnny said with alarm. He slammed the jeep to a stop, got out, wildly waving his hands.



The plane wobbled like a giant butterfly, straightened momentarily, then lost its altitude in a swift dive. She saw the pilot pulling back on the stick, trying to stall it into a pancake landing. He almost succeeded, but one of the rocks caught the right landing wheel, whipped the plane about. The prop dug into the sand and the ship turned turtle with a sickening thud.

Already Johnny was running toward it. He tugged at one of the doors, finally wrenched it open. His head disappeared inside the fuselage. Beth, horrified, saw little tongues of flame leaping from the engine.

Johnny had the pilot in his arms now, tugging to free the fuselage. Beth and Marion grabbed the man's

legs. Then a rush of hot air stabbed at them, and they heard the dull *woosh* of exploding fuel. The plane burst into a fiery cauldron. They were at the jeep now. For the first time Beth got a glimpse of the pilot's face.

"Matt!" she said. "Oh, Matt!"

THE days passed quickly after that fateful morning. Matt sat in the sun, his fractured leg in splints, waiting until his editor sent him camera and film. They had saved nothing from the plane.

But the same problems still existed.

"Johnny took me to three different clans today," Matt told her after school. Suddenly his hands gripped

her shoulders. "Beth, it's appalling!"

"I've got to leave," she said. "I can't stand it any longer—"

His face grew stern. "Neither of us is leaving, Beth! What do you think I was doing the past months? A story on not just one but seven reservations. It grew out of an interview with Joni. I went to see her after I left you here on the desert. I was worried sick about you. Just how bad was it out here? How would you make out, that sort of thing. Then Joni told me the entire story of her people, and I sold the idea to my editor—"

But Beth shook her head. "Matt, no one is interested! I wrote more than fifty letters, and not a single reply!"

"Wheels turn slowly in Washington, Beth. But it's different with my editor. He knows the reservations have problems. Wait until we start shooting pictures!"

Days passed on leaden wings. The pictures had been air-mailed. The entire reservation story was now complete. Still no reply.

Then one afternoon Beth heard Johnny's jeep roaring in from Black Butte. He slid to a stop and burst into the classroom, wildly waving a magazine.

There, big as life, were Matt's pictures from the different reservations. The common dish, the pitiful burned-up cornfields, the few sheep, the faces of the children.

"Where's Matt?" Beth asked.

"He's coming—driving a borrowed truck."

Then she saw Matt and the truck. He hobbled down from the cab.

They stood there, amazed, incredulous. Food, supplies, cots, packages, dozens of boxes, all addressed to Johnny, in care of the reservation.

"That little book I write for," Matt said simply, concealing his enthusiasm, "has a circulation of better than six million. These are gifts from the *people*, Beth—not the politicians!"

The children crowded about. Soon the entire village seemed to be there.

"Well," Matt said at last, "at least this is a start in the right direction. We'll get beds at the clinic, and we'll get more help—or else!"

Then out of the massed cargo Matt produced, of all things, a Christmas tree. "Tomorrow is Christmas, remember?"

Beth turned away to hide her tears. He followed her, forced her chin up.

"What gives, honey?"

"I—I'm so ashamed," Beth said. "I was ready to give up."

"You're ashamed? Look who's talking! I left you here, marooned on the desert, remember? And then I talked to Joni, and it hit me like a ton of bricks. I've got a place here, too—"

"Matt, you mean you'd give up your job—to be here?"

"Not give up my job, Beth. Just transfer my base of operations. There's a lifetime of work for any good reporter, right here—"

She pressed his hand. "What a wonderful Christmas we'll have tomorrow, Matt! And the fight is just starting, isn't it?" ■ ■

New Ways of Applying the Protestant Faith

By Stanley I. Stuber

WHAT is the future of the Protestant cause? There are those who fear Protestantism is on the decline and that not long hence it will lose its force. So they are beginning to speak of "the post-Protestant era." Are there grounds for this fear?

Indeed, Protestantism might conceivably lose its power and its position of moral and spiritual leadership—if, and this is a big if, we permit certain conditions to prevail. For one thing, if within our large body of varying denominations we start fighting one another, magnifying our divisions, confusion might well take the place of cooperation. Thus, we would find ourselves "splinter" groups and ineffective.

Once again, Protestants might forsake their basic convictions. This would surely cause us to deteriorate morally and spiritually.

Moreover, there is the possibility that we might be overcome by an outside power such as communism or fascism, or outwitted by another religion.

While all of these are possibilities, I do not believe that Protestantism will succumb to any of them. On the contrary, there is good reason to believe that the Protestant cause will grow stronger. Indeed, we should cast aside fear and doubt, refuse to be put on the defensive, and proclaim positively the great truths we hold dear (mentioned throughout this series).

Our times call for a new and fresh application of Protestant principles. What are the new ways of applying the Protestant faith?

With Open Eyes

At the outset, let it be pointed out that Protestants must be realistic, must see things as they are, must not hide their heads in the sand as does the ostrich. Charles H. Scott penned some great words in the hymn, "Open my eyes, that I may see. . . ." It is neither honest nor

Christian to close our eyes to the evil conditions around us. One of the criticisms leveled at Christians is that they are soft and you can get by with anything in dealing with them. Of course, we must not abandon love as a principle; but at the same time, we must remember that evil is a terrific force and it is something which needs countering with all our might.

We have spoken before in this series of "the militant church." We must be just that. The devil goes about as a devouring lion; and he would happily put an end to the Protestant faith if he could. We must not join in with him and give him comfort by being soft and weak and unwilling to fight for our convictions.

What are some of the evils we must fight? We have mentioned many of these in the last chapter—materialism, atheism, totalitarianism, communism, and militarism.

One of these evils—communism—masks as an angel of light and seeks to divide and conquer democratic nations. From 1939-1954, it gained control over 600 million people. It is busy everywhere seeking to weaken democratic minds. Protestants are naturally a trusting people and it is hard for us to believe anyone can lie. Yet Marxism is built on deceit and we have been duped more often than we realize.

Communism offers to defend freedom and swallows up its associates by tyranny. It sets labor against management, nation against nation, community against church. It argues for "co-existence" only because it wants a chance to conquer nations by peaceful means, if possible; but don't forget it will use war if necessary. It tries to make all firmness and show of conviction—at least on the part of the West—as wrong and accuses those holding such convictions war-mongers. It plays on distrust, creates fear, and develops a compromise complex among democracies. For example, it has some Protestants now saying: "It is better to be ruled by communism than be annihilated by nuclear weapons." This is due, of course, to the threat communism holds over us. It is a false *either—or*; we must not be ruled by communism and we must not be annihilated by nuclear weapons, either.

Dr. Fred Schwarz uses this telling phrase as the title of a book: *You Can Trust the Communists* (Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1960. \$2.95); then he says, "You can trust the communists to follow through with their blueprint for world domination which is patently expressed in writings and pronouncements of Marx, Lenin, Stalin, Khrushchev, and the visiting Red Chinese leaders."

From the Soviet propaganda, one would think that the communists are the only ones who advocate justice and fair play for the common people of the world. But long before Marx and Lenin, the prophets of the old Testament spoke out against injustice. Long before Khrushchev, the early church proclaimed brotherhood and love and sharing. Indeed, the Protestant faith proclaims justice with freedom whereas under the Soviet yoke liberty is denied!

Protestants need to be aware of the great evil of indifference. We must not be lulled to sleep by the forces of wickedness, but must give heed to the words of the prophet Amos: "Woe to those who are at ease in Zion" (Amos 6:1).

Evangelism in the Twentieth Century

Protestantism has been accused of being shallow and superficial, of being little interested in theology and altogether too much occupied with gadgets and programs. The charge has repeatedly been brought against American churches that they are more concerned about property than people. It is said the pastor is more of an administrator than a thinker. The church building itself must be a model of efficiency—from "inter-com" systems to air conditioning.

While emphasis upon gadgets can be overdone, it is imperative that the church keep up-to-date in its equipment as well as in its thinking. If more people can be won to Christ through the use of new techniques, they should be used. If the listener gets more out of the sermon in an air-conditioned sanctuary than in a hot-house where he has to use a hand-fan to keep from melting away, why not turn to air conditioning? This is only good common sense.

Through the years, Protestants have depended a great deal upon what Paul calls "the foolishness of preaching." And this is right, for Jesus was a preacher and multitudes have been won by the proclamation of the gospel through the spoken word. But preaching may be done in many ways—the pulpit or mass evangelism are not the only ways. Radio, television, motion pictures are a means of reaching millions of potential converts. Protestantism would be failing in its evangelistic task if it did not employ audio-visual aids, recordings and pamphlets in the extension of the Good News.

One phase of evangelism needs greater emphasis and that is personal evangelism—from person to person, or from people to people. This is not new, of course; the disciples went out to win others one by one. But with the growth of the church, with its modern bigness,

it has become less and less personal and more and more institutional. Sometimes a stranger can come into a Protestant church and not be noticed at all. The minister gives out his "patent medicine" on Sunday and the needs of the individual are not known or met. So now the need for face-to-face encounters is being rediscovered and this is fine for Jesus placed the emphasis upon the individual.

At this point we should remember also the increasing important place being taken by laymen in the life of the church. Harry Emerson Fosdick rightly says:

In recovering Christianity as a layman's religion we are getting back to the place where Christianity started. Neither Jesus nor any of his disciples were members of the priesthood or the clergy. They were laymen, all of them. The Master, a layman himself, talking nothing but layman's language. Moreover, early Christianity was spread across the Roman Empire not by clergymen but by laymen who translated the gospel into terms of daily life.

Christianity Applies to All of Life

Another new way of applying the Protestant faith is through the application of the gospel to the whole of life. There was a time when many Protestants thought of evangelism as simply the initial decision the convert makes when he accepts Christ as Savior. This surely is important, but now we see that once this decision is made, the young Christian must learn to apply his Christian faith to every phase of his life—his home, his business, his community life, his recreation, his politics.

Harold Lunger in an article "The Church—Monday Through Saturday" points out the vital relation between our worship on Sunday and our witness through the week. "What is it that you do through the week that marks *you* as a member of the church, and enables Christ, *through you*, to better the life of your community and the world?" The Christian doctor applies his Christianity to his practice of medicine—in the way he deals with his patients. The Christian lawyer is mindful of Christ's teachings when he deals with his clients and when he appears before the courts. "A Christian will never be satisfied with slipshod work."

Elton Trueblood well said: "It is a gross error to suppose that the Christian cause goes forward solely or chiefly on weekends. What happens on the regular weekdays may be far more important, so far as

the Christian faith is concerned, than what happens on Sunday."

This is the newer concept in missions, too. We send preachers of the gospel, yes; but we also send engineers, agriculture experts, nurses, schoolteachers, writers, printers and the like. These go into the rapidly changing countries not as superior persons, but humbly as helpers to share with those in need. With 35,000 Protestant missionaries around the world, however, we are only scratching the surface of this vitally important responsibility. Only 2 per cent of South Americans are Protestants. In India, only 19 per cent of the population can read. What a challenge to Protestantism today to do something about these problems.

The Continuing Reformation

The Reformation of the Sixteenth Century inaugurated by Martin Luther in 1517 is not such a *fixed* thing that we cannot go on from there to new concepts, new ideas, new ways of doing things. The main principle coming out of the Reformation which is unchangeable is *the right to criticize*. Luther had a fresh look at the Bible and then as he examined the church of his day he saw how far short the church fell. So today we must turn our penetrating insights upon the Scriptures—the Word of God—discover the gospel as there revealed and then test all our churches by it—their teachings, their practices, everything. Luther's study of the Bible led him to proclaim such significant truths as the authority of the Scriptures, justification by faith, the priesthood of the believers, and the like. It may lead us to declare other truths applicable to our day. But the Reformation is not one set of beliefs for one period of time but it is the constant re-examination of what we believe and do in the light of the Bible. It is as Ritschl declared, "Back to the New Testament by way of the Reformation."

This is to say that Protestantism has a creative spirit, a spirit of adventure and achievement. Just as it has added a new dimension to the Christian cause through the principles of the Protestant Reformation, so it can now, developing the same spirit, extend itself into the future in a creative manner.

To see how Protestantism makes for creativeness, take a look at a few of our guiding principles:

The leadership of the Holy Spirit

The search for truth and the willingness to follow it wherever it leads

The acceptance of the authority of the Bible, the Word of
God

The recognition of the right of a man's conscience to determine
what he will believe

An acceptance of diversity in the Christian family

Honest belief in freedom and liberty

Concern for all people, all classes, all races, all faiths.

As valid as was the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century for that age, it did not settle everything for all eternity. Many great issues remain unsettled, especially in their application to the life of our day. So we must bring to bear upon the world we live in the truths we learned during the Reformation as well as the truths we learn as we go back to the Bible today. Let us see what Christ's healing spirit can do for us today and tomorrow. We will never know what the living, redeeming Christ can do for us until we give him a real chance.

Great Christian Causes

Another way to apply the Protestant faith in our day is to support the great causes which may mean the difference between survival and annihilation. This support needs to come both from individuals and from institutions and organizations. What are some of these causes? To name a few:

The cause of world peace

The Christian church

Economic justice

World brotherhood

World relief

Freedom

The unity of the church

Conquering of ignorance, immorality, injustice, indifference

We live in a revolutionary age. New nations are being born. Students stage riots and change governments. And the whole world condition gives us grave concern. However, not all of this ferment is bad. Some of it, of course, is stirred up by the communists. But in other cases because our missionaries went in and preached the gospel people of the underdeveloped countries began to see that they were not achieving what was rightfully theirs. Christianity has always been a revolutionary religion. Acts says of some of these early Christians: "These are they who have turned the world upside down."

We therefore can well support these causes—as long as we see the people achieving the good life in liberty and are not being led to put on more galling bondage—as they would do with communism.

We must remember, too, that our task is not primarily an ethical one, a philanthropic one, a sociological one, but is to present the claims of Jesus Christ. It is a redemptive mission we have. It is based on the Bible, on the prophets, on the Sermon on the Mount, on the Four Gospels, on the letters of Paul. To be sure, this does not keep us from supporting secular organizations such as the United Nations who are devoted to making this a better world for all men.

We have learned—or we are learning—in this task that we must work together as Protestant denominations. No one denomination is strong enough to go it alone. Archbishop Temple of the Anglican Church has pointed out that the ecumenical movement is “the great new fact of our era.” “It is,” says he, “the task of the whole church to bring the gospel to the whole world.”

We do not do this through domination—ever. It is through permeation. We work unitedly to support the great Christian causes; but we do not use a club to force anybody into line; whatever we do we do on a voluntary basis. We do not cram it down the throats of any denomination or any people. But if we will voluntarily work together—respecting our differences—our influence as Protestants will multiply many times. God is calling us today to present the gospel of hope to this distressed, broken, disillusioned world!

Need for Long Range Planning

Protestants are beginning to do some real long-range planning. Many leaders are thinking ahead to the year 2,000 A.D. They are asking, What will Protestantism be like then? What can we do to strengthen it and make it more dynamic? To some of us who will probably not be around in the year 2,000 A.D., this date seems a long way off. Yet in reality it is not—only forty years!

Of course, if we do not plan at all, if we do not work out our salvation, we may not be here even one year from now, say nothing of forty. You can be sure that communism is going to keep on with its planning to conquer the world and discourage faith in God. The clash of communism with the West could lead to an atomic war which would make the future very dark indeed. But now we are still here, still free, and still with great resources. And where there is existence there is hope.

These plans that we draw up together as Protestants must be big. We must not allow fear or despair of difficulty to thwart us, but remember that "the future is as bright as the promises of God."

APPLIED CHRISTIANITY

1. Christ must first of all be in us. You cannot share what you do not have. "You must be born anew."

2. The best way to promote Christianity is to forget all about promotion—for the time being—and begin to live in all aspects of daily life according to the gospel of Jesus Christ.

3. Christianity should never be on the defensive. We have the world's greatest leader—Jesus Christ. We have the one way out of our present chaos—the light of God revealed in his Son. We love the sinner, but we cannot be "soft" toward evil, falsehood, the enemies of Christ. Among these enemies one of the greatest is communism and we must fight it with all our might as we do battle in the realm of ideas.

4. Protestantism must make use of all new inventions to preach the gospel such as television, radio, motion pictures; but most of all the gospel must be spread from person to person.

5. Christianity is not something we do merely on Sunday; but it is something we are to live 365 days a year and 366 on leap year. It is how we work, play, think, write, speak, live.

6. The Reformation of the Sixteenth Century did not *fix* Protestantism so there can be no change. We must constantly re-examine our beliefs and look at the church in light of what the Bible says to us today. The principle which is eternal is—*the right to criticize*.

7. Protestants united must support the great Christian causes of the world—peace, brotherhood, justice, freedom, concern, unity, the kingdom of God.

8. An effective Protestantism calls for long-range planning, a high quality of life, and a whole-hearted dedication to truth and righteousness.



Sing the Christmas Carols

By Irene Jeffries

CHRISTMAS would hardly be Christmas without carols. They are an essential part of Christmas almost everywhere, but especially in America. The term "carol" originally was used to denote a dance, or the songs played and sung to accompany dancing. Their use dates from the fourth century. In the Middle Ages, they were introduced into church festivals.

According to tradition Francis of Assisi started the custom of singing religious carols during the Christmas season of 1123 in the little village of Greccio, Italy.

Francis was greatly troubled because many of the professing Italian Christians had forgotten the teachings of Christ. So he decided to do something to make Christ seem more real. He prepared a small model of the stable in Bethlehem and set it up in the church. On Christmas Eve when the people of the village

gathered at the church they looked with devotion upon the tiny figure of the Christ child lying in the manger. They joined the friars in singing Christmas carols and had a wonderful celebration. Francis was pleased with the success of his plan and the next year other churches of Italy tried it. In time the idea spread to other countries in Europe.

The carols that are freely sung and enjoyed today were denied people during the Puritan regime. However, they were passed from one generation to the next by underground word of mouth.

During the past few years the picturesque custom of outdoor caroling on Christmas Eve has become very popular again. Prior to 1927 only a few hundred American cities promoted carol singing. However, by 1927 the number had increased to two thousand. Today there is hardly an American village that does not

use Christmas carols in some way. Some churches portray scenes of the Nativity on their church lawns during Christmas week. Sometimes even live characters are used.

Surely our carol-singing will be more meaningful if we know the stories of the carols we sing. Their origin is often shrouded in mystery, but we can know some things about them and the message of the carols is right there in the words and music and cannot be missed. Let's examine a few.

O Come All Ye Faithful

The oldest of the world's favorite Christmas songs begins with the words, "O Come All Ye Faithful." It is an old, old carol, having been translated from the Latin into English over two hundred years ago. The tune is probably several hundred years older than that.

In many churches today it is still sung in the Latin—"Adeste Fideles." Sometimes it is referred to as the "Portuguese Hymn" because it was sung in the Portuguese Chapel in London in 1785. Today it is sung in seventy-six different languages and is heard in all parts of the world.

Silent Night

Perhaps the best loved carol is "Silent Night." The story of the origin is exceedingly interesting.

Franz Gruber, author of the music, was born of weaver parentage in a small hamlet in upper Austria. His father planned for his son to follow him in the weaver's

trade, and so did not allow Franz to develop his rich musical talent. Franz endured the day so that at night he could go to the home of a village teacher of ordinary school instruction. Secretly he received musical training as well.

To practice his music at home, he put little wooden blocks in the cracks of the wall of his room, and on these he practiced the scales and other finger exercises. Then one day there was an accident which entirely changed his father's attitude toward his son's future. The village teacher became ill and there was no one to play the organ for the church service. Little Franz, a very small twelve-year-old lad, crept to the organ bench and played the entire service so perfectly that everyone was amazed. As a result of this performance his father allowed him to leave the weaver's trade and study in the field of education. In 1807 Franz received his teacher's certificate and in 1816 he added to his teaching duties that of church organist at Oberndorf.

The words of "Silent Night" were written in 1818 by Joseph Mohr, a young parish priest who came to Oberndorf two years after Franz Gruber settled there. Mohr wrote this beautiful poem to help his parishioners know the joy he felt in meditating on the birth of Christ. The church organ was broken for the Christmas season that year, so the church organist was asked to write a simple tune that could be played on the violin. For years "Silent Night" was sung only by the people in the little village of Oberndorf.

However, sometime later when an organ builder was repairing the church organ he heard the music and was so impressed by it that he copied the melody and circulated it among the people of other villages.

It was not until 1883 that "Silent Night" was sung at a Christmas concert in Leipzig. The beautiful words and delightful music thrilled the listeners. Later the song was published and given to the world. Today it is sung in sixty-eight different languages. The music appeared in print for the first time in 1840.

Joy to the World

There was a time in England when caroling was frowned upon. However, this did not stop Isaac Watts from writing in 1719, "Joy to the World," based on the 98th Psalm.

It Came Upon a Midnight Clear

Almost all the Christmas carols originated in Europe, yet there are two that are completely American, "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear" and "O Little Town of Bethlehem." Dr. Edmund H. Sears, a Unitarian minister who lived in Massachusetts wrote the words of "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear" and his friend, Richard S. Willis, a friend of Mendelssohn, wrote the music.

O Little Town of Bethlehem

Perhaps the most popular of all American carols came out of the Civil War period. A Protestant Episcopal bishop, Phillips Brooks, pastor at one time of Old Trinity Church in Boston, and pastor at another time

of the Church of the Advent in Philadelphia, traveled extensively in the Holy Land, and has given us "O Little Town of Bethlehem."

Today Bethlehem can be approached along a dusty road five miles south of Jerusalem. Visitors are always interested in the small underground stable. One can still see the rude crib and the stalls where animals once stood. By the vigil lights hanging from the rocky ceiling of the cave one can imagine the bowed figures of Shepherds worshipping at the manger.

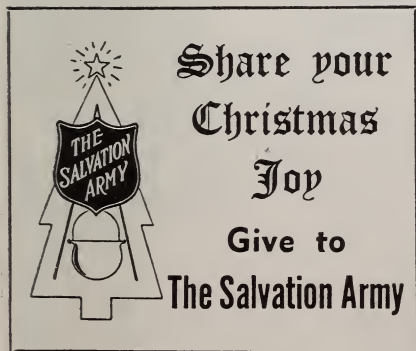
On Christmas Eve in 1865 Bishop Brooks went to the hills near Bethlehem and saw below the twinkling lights of the little town. It was on these famous hills that the shepherds guarded their flocks that night so many years ago when love came into the world incarnated in the form of God's Son. Today shepherds still tend their flocks on these verdant hills. Sometimes, in the stillness of a starlit night, a shepherd will leave his flock to find a lamb who is bleating his lonely estrangement from his mother. There are other times when shepherds meet in the darkness on these hills and share the experiences of the day before settling down for the night. One wonders if the setting is too familiar and too commonplace for them to be reminded of the shepherds years ago who heard heavenly voices and were impelled to investigate the strange light that had come into the world.

Three years after this visit to the Holy Land Bishop Brooks wrote, especially for the voices of the children in his church, the poem, "O

Little Town of Bethlehem." He requested Lewis H. Redner, his choir director and organist, to write a simple tune for his lyric. Mr. Redner tried, but he was not satisfied with his work. A few days before Christmas, with the melody still unwritten, he awakened at midnight with the complete melody in his mind. He jotted the tune down quickly and presented it to Dr. Brooks the next morning. Today the whole world sings this beautiful carol.

There are many other well-known carols which we sing. And this is grand for thus we pay tribute to God for sending his Son Jesus to save us from sin.

Although the basic tradition of caroling has never changed, each country has its own particular and unique favorites. Down through the centuries the carols have been melodic expressions of faith and hope. Today, as hundreds of years ago, the joyful singing of Christmas carols is a universal symbol of peace and good will toward men.



The Miraculous Book

(Continued from page 26)

men and of changing the public opinion of drummers as a challenge similar in a way to that faced by the mighty Gideon of old.

However, the association which they formed did not actually begin its best known activity of placing Bibles in hotel rooms until November 9, 1908. That year Archie Bailey of Iron Mountain, Montana, a Gideon, started it by putting twenty-five Bibles in the Superior Hotel of his home town. The practice grew quickly into a major activity. With the coming of World War I and World War II, the Gideons worked valiantly with the American Bible Society and other groups to place Testaments in the hands of all of the men in the country's armed services.

How much spiritual consolation and comfort these little books have given the dying, how much courage they have imparted to our men under fire, and how many they have helped to find the way to Christian fellowship will never be known. But the records show that the little books performed many miracles.



Good Explanation

A famous athlete, who had recently escaped from behind the Iron Curtain, was asked why the Russians excelled in marathon running.

He replied: "We use the border for the finish line."—Sidney Brody

Something about Chopsticks

By Yasuko Horioka

ORIENTAL man began to use chopsticks at least three thousand years ago. The *Shih Chi*, an old historical document of China, tells us that Chitzu, Chinese king who lived about 1191 to 1122 B.C., wept over the luxury of his minister, Chou, since he used ivory chopsticks. The *Kojiki*, oldest written Japanese literature, tells of the beginning of Japanese history from the days of gods. It relates that the brother of the Japanese sun goddess was cast out from heaven because of his ill deeds; then he came down to earth and sat by a river in the eastern part

of Honshu. As he sat there, he saw chopsticks drifting by; so he knew there must be people living upstream. Accordingly he proceeded along the river bank and found a family.

CHOPSTICKS are pairs of sticks, carefully shaped, that Orientals use for cooking, serving and eating, and the variety is far larger than that of forks used by Westerners. The short chopsticks for children are only five inches long, while the long ones, used for cooking, are twenty inches long. The average

Chairman C. M. Chen of the Overseas Affairs Commission (second from right) is seen here eating with chopsticks and enjoying a meal with students.



length of Japanese chopsticks for eating is about eight inches, but chopsticks used in North China are one or two inches longer. People in South China use even longer ones. As for material, bamboo, cedar, willow, ivory, antler, aluminum or plastic are common. Most of the Japanese chopsticks are lacquered and decorated, but Chinese ones are plain wood.

There is an interesting story about Chinese chopsticks which travelers use. Until about one hundred years ago, Chinese people had to expect dangers when they went on a trip. It is said that in order to protect themselves from poisonous food, travelers used to carry their own chopsticks, the lower parts of which were made of solid silver. It was said that the silver tips would indicate any poison in food by turning black.

Chopsticks are inseparable from Oriental dishes. Indeed, all kitchen utensils have developed according to needs of Oriental cooking. It is the same with Western cooking. It is practically impossible for anyone to eat a big steak with chopsticks alone; neither is it possible to cook and eat in a refined manner *sukiyaki* (a Japanese dish of beef and vegetables) with knife and fork. Chopsticks are necessary for Oriental dishes just as knives and forks are necessary for Western food. If anyone wants variety in his daily life, he should learn to use chopsticks for Oriental food, and the delicate movement of five fingers needed for

Indian curry dishes. Each way of eating is elegant if done properly. An English gentleman may not like the way forks are treated almost like spoons in America, but if that is the best way for eating American food, it is perfectly proper.

When I came over to this country from Japan seven years ago, I was astonished to see chopsticks being sold singly at a large gift shop. I was even more surprised to find Oriental customs and manners of fifty or hundred years ago being taught as up-to-date at elementary schools. I have not had a chance to observe these things recently, but I do hope that UNESCO is doing its best for the proper understanding of culture and civilization of different countries by people of each nation.

Americans should be ready to accept other ways of thinking, talking, as well as living, not with mere curiosity but with sincerity and respect. If one still sticks to the idea that people in mission lands are as primitive as bushmen, let him learn to pick up peas with chopsticks. It will make him modest enough to acknowledge that there are different kinds of culture, each excellent in its native habitat.

Chopsticks represent one phase of Oriental culture in domestic use. Practice in using chopsticks will give a Westerner a good introduction to an understanding of the mysterious-looking Orientals and an appreciation of their culture.



It's a great pity that, because of the force of gravity, it takes more energy to close the mouth than to open it.—*Grit*. . . Modern Marriage: To love, honor and have children that disobey.—*Nuggets*.

Exciting New Contest!

HAVE you ever had an urge to write? We'd like you to be one of our contributors! And we'd like you to express in brief form what it means to you to be a Christian! So beginning in January THE LINK will conduct a contest each month during 1961 for you—all of you, men, women, young people, military personnel and dependents.

Here is what we'd like you to write about: WHY I AM A CHRISTIAN. Give us your best thought in your best words—not more than 400—and send it along. Each month we will choose three; there'll be a first prize, a second prize, and a third prize. Some of these will be printed—at least, the first prize winners and perhaps others. And there is the possibility they may go into a book at the end of the contest—that depends, of course, on how good they are.

Let us give you a key: Write what you really feel. Imagine that you are talking to a fellow who is not a Christian. You want to convince him of the real truth of Christianity and what it means to you. So you tell *why you are a Christian*.

Of course, we don't have a large budget and so the prize money will be small, but we will pay \$15.00 to the winning entry each month; \$7.00 to the second place winner; and \$3.00 to third place.

Maybe you've never written before or never entered a contest! That's okay. We want you to enter THE LINK contest. We want your sincere, honest statement on why you are a follower of Jesus Christ. And we believe the message you have to offer will help others.

As soon as possible after your manuscripts are received, the winners will be announced and the winning entry published. This takes some time. For example, the winning entry for January will not appear until the May 1961 issue.

The contest is open to all lay personnel but not to chaplains. Manuscripts cannot be returned or acknowledged—so keep a copy for yourself. We would prefer them typed but will not rule out hand-written manuscripts. It doesn't matter when you write—all manuscripts reaching us in January will be a part of that month's contest; those reaching us in February will belong to February and so on. You can enter more than once if you desire, but the likelihood of your winning more than once is slim.

The editors of THE LINK will be the judges and their decision will be final. So hurry up and send us your article on WHY I AM A CHRISTIAN (400 words or under). Mail it to

Editor, THE LINK,
122 Maryland Ave., N.E.,
Washington 2, D.C.

Letter to a Young Christian

Christian Stewardship

IN THIS letter I want to deal with Christian stewardship. This refers to our use of all that we have, our abilities, our possessions, our money and our time.

In Jesus' day a steward was one who had charge of the entire estate of his employer. He supervised the servants, collected rents and kept financial records. He handled things not his own and it was his responsibility to handle them in the interest and for the advancement of his employer. Furthermore the steward was to be ready at any time to give an account of his stewardship.

We are stewards of God, Paul declares (1 Cor. 4:1). We belong to Christ (1 Cor. 3:23). He died for us (1 John 2:2). Therefore "we will make it our aim to please him" (2 Cor. 5:9). This means that everything we do, say, or possess will be to the honor and glory of Christ (2 Cor. 5:15, 1 Cor. 10:31). This is the singleness of purpose Jesus mentions in the Sermon on the Mount (Matt. 5:24, 33).

Our time belongs to Christ. We may not all have the same amount of money or education but we all have twenty-four hours a day. It is true that some may have more leisure time than others but still there are minutes and hours which can be used for Christ. Many are too busy to go to church; many are too busy to call on the sick; many are too busy to help the poor and jobless; many are too busy to listen to that heart-burdened person or that drunkard.

Our talents belong to Christ. We may not all be gifted musicians, scientists or artists. But there is something each of us can do for our Lord. There is something for which you are best suited by your personality, your interests, your aptitude and education. You must discover what it is. You may have a talent for speaking, for mechanical work, for designing or your talent may be simply a patient and sympathetic heart. There may be several things you can do well or there may be only one thing. However, one talent or many, use what you have to help others and glorify Christ and you may find your talents increasing

as Jesus points out in his parable (Matt. 25:14-29). On the other hand if you bury your talent, allow it to go undiscovered and unused, you may lose the one talent you have.

Our money belongs to Christ. This is hard for many to accept. This is why Jesus said it was hard (but not impossible) for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God (Matt. 19:23-24). We are easily tempted to think that money is all-important and it alone will bring happiness. Jesus says this is not so. "For a man's life does not consist in the abundance of his possessions" (Luke 12:15). Paul states the "love of money is the root of all evil." It is the *love* of money that is evil not money itself.

One man who was to be baptized was advised by his little girl not to take his wallet for fear it would get wet. The father replied, "I want my wallet to be baptized too." The point is that our commitments to Christ must be without reservation.

How much should you give? This is your decision. The Jews gave a tenth and Jesus said our righteousness should exceed theirs.

Edwin Markham has written a poem entitled "The Parable of the Builders." In this poem the story is told of a rich man who wanted to help his fellow men. He found a poor man who lived with his family in a tiny shack. The rich man employed the poor man to build a beautiful house. The poor man saw this chance to make money. So he used the cheapest of materials and gave the job his poorest workmanship. Upon completion of the house the rich man came to inspect it. Then he turned to the poor man and said. "This is your house, it is a gift for you and your family."

The Christian life we build while on earth through our use of our time, talents and money will not benefit God alone. The greatest joy will belong to the wise steward, to you, dear friend. Because it is the good and faithful steward who will receive the gift of true riches from his Lord (Luke 16:11). Begin today to become a good steward of your time, your talents, your money and your whole life for Jesus' sake.

Sincerely in Christ,

Chaplain Harold L. Christmann

THREE IMPORTANT LETTERS

At the end of a course in signal procedure, a group of boots at a naval base were given an exam. One of the questions was: "What three letters are used to get help when in distress?"

One sailor who obviously didn't have his heart in the course answered, "IOU."

—Glen E. McClure in *Quote*

A Christmas Miscellany

By Vincent Edwards



Note: *Back in the days when Charles Dickens was writing tales by the dozen, the term "miscellany" was attached to any collection of literary odds and ends. Here, however, it is tied to a garland of Christmas factual items which it is hoped will appeal for their general interest and also help to put readers in a real yuletide state of mind.*

IT TOOK "O. Henry" (William Sidney Porter) not more than three hours to write his most celebrated story, *The Gift of the Magi*. He had to meet a deadline for the special Sunday Christmas edition of a New York newspaper in December, 1905.

When Queen Victoria married Prince Albert of Saxony, she probably never dreamed he would introduce a German Christmas custom into England. But at their very first yule celebration together in 1840, he had a decorated Christmas tree set up in Windsor Castle. The idea immediately caught on and such a tree became popular in all homes, of both the rich and the poor.

* * *

During the late fall of the year 1843 when Charles Dickens was writing *A Christmas Carol*, he worked feverishly hard at his desk all day, but very late at night, for relaxation, he took long walks about London, sometimes passing through fifteen or twenty miles of the dark streets of that great city before his return home.

* * *

About fifty years ago a wealthy New Englander, returning from a caribou hunt in Canada, put ashore with his steam yacht on the Maine coast and loaded it with handsome young balsam firs. When the trees were set up for sale at Faneuil Hall market in Boston, they went off like hot cakes. Almost overnight this evergreen became America's favorite Christmas tree.

* * *

* * *

The hard and fast rule of a certain newspaper never to reveal the identity of its editorial writers was broken by the New York *Sun* when Francis P. Church died in 1906. It was then made public that Mr. Church, long a member of the *Sun's* staff, had written journalism's most celebrated editorial, "Is There a Santa Claus?" It originally appeared on September 21, 1897, and has always been reprinted each December 25th.

* * *

Ever since 1921, an impressive ceremony has been held every Christmas Eve in uptown New York. Carrying candles and lanterns, children and grown-ups make their annual pilgrimage through Trinity Cemetery to the grave of Dr. Clement C. Moore, author of "A Visit from St. Nicholas." There, popular old carols are sung, and the program is climaxed with the reading aloud of the familiar verses that Dr. Moore dashed off for a gay celebration for his children on Christmas Day, 1822—one hundred and thirty-eight years ago!

* * *

Holly may be found all over the world; there are one hundred and fifty varieties. Since it bears fruit in the winter, it has become a symbol of immortality. The red berries have come to represent the thorns Christ wore at Calvary. Legend says that when Christ was born a little lamb followed the shepherds to the manger; but the lamb was caught by holly thorns and the red berries are drops of blood that froze on the branches.

* * *

In the latter part of the nineteenth century, the most popular of all Christmas card publishers was Louis C. Prang. A refugee from Prussian militarism, Prang had come to America in 1850, and established a flourishing lithographing business in Boston. He was an expert on color-processes, and his cards became all the rage, so much so that after the holiday young girls would note down in their diaries how many "Prangs" they had received from their boy friends.

* * *

Mistletoe is the sacred plant of the Druids. Its name means "different twig," or parasite—which it surely is. The Druids used it in elaborate ceremonies; so the church has frowned upon it—at least for church use. But it is widely used in the home and its gay message is: "Give me a kiss."

* * *

It isn't often that famous writers are moved by another's work in the way demonstrated by Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*. When Thackeray, Dickens' great rival, was asked to review the book, he broke out with this tribute: "There is not a reader in England but that . . . he will say of Charles Dickens, 'God bless him.' What a feeling is this for a writer to be able to inspire and what a reward to reap!" At a later time, after reading the celebrated tale, Robert Louis Stevenson wrote a friend, ". . . I feel so good and would do anything, yes, and shall do anything, to make the world a little better. . . ." ■ ■

They Say It Takes Practice

By Dennard Owen

JUST the other day someone asked me why I smiled so much. The answer is simple—I'm happy. Not that I enjoy being in my crippled condition, but the pleasure of discovering new compensations is a daily thing. Oh, there was a time when my lower lip hung at half-mast and I was filled with the consuming bitterness of self-pity. Friends would look at me and shake their heads at my attitude.

But in the quietness of my mind, a rescue team began to work. They were Logic and Reason. I began to read and ask questions. By trying to organize the importance of details, I found to my amazement that my self-pity was being crowded into the background. There was too much for me to do. Most of my answers came from the Bible as I sat for hours with my eyes and mind glued to the printed text. As I read and pondered, my problems began to fold like a gas-less blimp, and muscular-dystrophy became a synonym for "nuisance." Subject to the ills of mortal mind and body, it is much too easy to overlook the fact that God has a purpose for every individual; and it is our solemn responsibility to discover its meaning, not only as a duty, but as a privilege. So what

if the purpose does become twisted or mangled in the press of humanity? It's still a purpose. Bent, perhaps, and slightly off-center; but practiced, it becomes indispensable. What are we? We are all created beings, and as such, we must help God create our own balance. I've learned the folly of expecting him to do it all—he must have our help.

I once knew an elderly lady with a simple and sincere philosophy: "To accept life as I find it and to make each day as beautiful as I can." She was so right. Why should we postpone the pleasure of actual living until next week, next month, or next year? Let us rediscover the fascinating world of *now*. By filing the events of all my yesterdays in my memories, I try to keep mind and heart open to the wondrous possibilities of today. Beauty is everywhere. The key is searching it out; and viewed through the window of gratitude, it becomes one of life's great compensations. Is it any wonder that God looked at his created world and said, "It is good"?

And then I found the kicker. Slowly it became the glue that held all my reasons fast, painted a brilliant hue of color around today, and made me enthusiastic about tomorrow. I

found a sense of humor. Don't ask me where. Maybe it's always been poking around waiting for a chance. The surprise came when I learned to laugh at myself (somewhat like beating others to the punch), but I'd much rather laugh *with* than *at* somebody. You've probably met people with that inner smile and indescribable peace of mind that others envy, the calmness that goes hand in hand with a well-organized mind—they seem to have learned the value of humor, not only in their doing, but in their thinking. A bubbling sense of humor can ease the barbs of irritation, it can explode in a shower of happiness, and is by far the best medicine I ever had. It really works.

What's more, it cuts through stuffiness like a knife in hot butter. Tensions simply dissolve. When others are exposed to even the slightest humor, the reactions are always the same—the glow is reflected, even magnified. There seems to be an unwritten law that says people I meet must pity me. Great day in the morning! I have no time to waste on myself. Every day is so full—the world is waiting on my bookshelves, the opportunity to help others (there is endless pleasure in this), and heaping the day high with the hope of wonder. After all, if beauty comes my way (and it does), I must be ready to appreciate it. Fiddle-faddle on pity!

True, I have physical limits and

boundaries (ignore them), but with an imagination and a curiosity much too large for my own good, I must rely on a more personal mental balance (often known as common sense). We cannot relive one minute of the past. It's today that counts! It isn't the nostalgia of yesterday nor the expectations of tomorrow; the big question is—*how* we live today! God grant that I never let a single day slip past without adding something of mine to it! The world is full of wonderful things—may I learn to *be* one!

We have a little pup named Stinky (he thinks that's the greatest name in the world and I haven't the heart to tell him any different). And when he puts his head on my knee and gazes up at me with soft brown eyes—I know. We understand each other. He doesn't care a whit because I can't walk. A quiet love of goodness, he has no way to express the deep capacity for understanding, but words aren't needed. Even so, the balance with the world is better in silent appreciation—as the night breezes are born somewhere past the distant hills.

Happiness, like time and space, is relative (three cheers for Einstein). If we are happy *inside*, it's bound to show on the *outside*. In God's master plan for his children, he makes a way for us all—even me.

"Thank you, Lord, for the beauty you put in each day!"



SIGNS: A record store in Chicago: "Put some food wax in your ears. . . ." During a heat wave in the summer a small church in the midwest: "You think it's hot here?" . . . Farmer: "No Huntin', No Fishin', No Nuthin'."

The Appointed Time

For your devotional life. Take time for meditation and prayer

A Calm Heart and Soul

WE LIVE in an era of impatience. We move too fast; we have so many things to do. We become impatient with what we are doing because it is keeping us from doing something else just thought of.

In the field a soldier cannot afford to be impatient. His life depends upon accuracy of movement. A medic cannot thoughtlessly hurry; a scout may need to lie quietly behind enemy lines for long hours to discover the enemy's next thrust. Each must wait for the right time to act.

When a person waits for the Lord he learns patience, for the Lord moves in his own way. He may cause life to begin in an instant, or he may spin out the building of a star over millions of years. God expects man to hope in him and wait for him. And this we must do. We need to develop a calm heart and soul. In our impatience this will be hard to do, but for our soul's sake we must.

READ: Isaiah 40:25-31

PRAYER: Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

Amen.

God Is Light

DID you ever light just a very small candle in a darkened room? It drives the darkness back. It makes life less dreary, and those who are despondent in darkness take hope in a lighted room. A light is cheerful and heartening. It is a dispeller of gloom.

God is a light. The writer of Revelation speaks of the new Jerusalem, the heavenly city, and says, "And the city has no need of sun or moon to shine upon it, for the glory of God is its light, and its lamp is the lamb" (Rev. 21:23). Where God is there is

light and hope and faith and love. Too often we shut out this light by our sins. We pull down the blinds, as it were, and live in the darkness. Let us get self out of the way and permit the light of God to shine in our hearts. He will forgive us for our sins and dispel the darkness of ignorance, superstition and sin.

Moreover, when sorrow comes we can turn to God for he causes the light of comfort to shine upon our lives.

He is an eternal light, always shining; all we need to do is stand in that light. All the darkness of the world cannot put it out.

READ: 1 John 1:1-10

PRAYER: In this world of darkness, O God, open my eyes that I may see the unseen and the eternal. Be the lamp to my stumbling feet; let thy light shine upon my dumb understanding and make me more perceptive to thy truth. *Amen.*

Gifts for God

A SMALL boy at worship saw the ushers take a large collection up the aisle and present it at the altar. He whispered to his sister sitting next to him, "Look at all the money the preacher is getting." The sister shook her head, "No," she said, "just look at the gift God is getting!"

Money is only a medium of exchange, but money used for God is a gift that has become sacred through his blessing. It is to be used for the continuing of his program.

We must never lose sight of the fact that God's work can always use our gifts. And once put on the altar it is sacred. The gift itself is not sacred, but the altar to which it is dedicated—the purpose—the use is sacred.

READ: Matthew 23:16-22

PRAYER: Help me, O Lord, to dedicate to Christian causes a worthy portion of the money thou dost permit me to earn. Thou dost provide me with health and strength and the ability to earn and all that I possess really is thine. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

My Guiding Star

WHEN William Clark, of the Lewis and Clark expedition, was asked about the ability of his Indian woman guide, he replied, "She went before us as unerring as a star."

For centuries before Christ's birth, men had guided their passage over desert and sea by the fixed stars. The star points never changed and the traveler came to depend upon them.

The wise men came to Bethlehem guided by a star that went

before them. There has been much conjecture about the Bethlehem star, but never forget this—it guided men to a Savior and only those ready and willing to accept him saw it!

Put your faith in the Savior! Let him be your guiding star, going before you, and you will never be lost!

READ: Matthew 2:1-10

PRAYER: Be my guiding star, O Christ, through the clouds and despair of life, that I may come home safely. *Amen.*

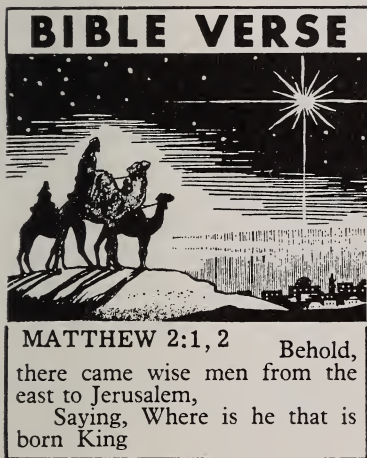


PHOTO CREDITS

Page 11, Williamson's Marine Photo Shop; pages 12, 14, World Council of Churches; pages 17, 18, Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association; page 60, U.S. Navy.

AMONG OUR WRITERS

Dennard Owen, author of "They Say It Takes Practice," page 53, was born and reared in Texas. He finished Granbury High School and now lives in Fort Worth. "The shadow of Muscular Dystrophy kept me single (plus a generous helping of my own stubbornness). I believe firmly in God, our government, and George Goebel—in the order named." He finds free-lance writing a constant challenge. . . .

"New Ways of Applying the Protestant Faith" by Stanley I. Stuber, page 34, is the last full chapter in the series on our Protestant beliefs. We will have a short piece next month and then these pieces will become a book which you may order from us. . . .

We borrowed "What We Think Christmas Is" from the editors of *McCall's* because we think it expresses so well how you ought to celebrate Christmas. We hope you'll take the suggestions to heart.

WORTH QUOTING

A man who insists his life is an open book is tempting people to read between the lines.

—Grit

ARE YOU A BORE?

Shirley Booth was discussing a man who is an outstanding bore. "I liked him very much when I first met him," she said, "but he talked me out of it."

—Joe McCarthy in *Quote*

Let Us Pray

God, our Father, today our minds and hearts turn back to that quiet night in the long ago when heavenly angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace among men of good will." That hour which marked the coming of thy Son Jesus Christ into our world we honor and celebrate. We thank thee for the incarnation—when the Word became flesh and dwelt among us. We are grateful not only for the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem but for his pure and noble life in Galilee and Judea and his sacrificial death upon Calvary. Through all this thou hast revealed thy love for us and thou hast brought about our salvation. We commit our lives unto thee and will serve thee with all the devotion of our being. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

Almighty God, we pray for those who are at the helm in the piloting of our nation. We face the stormy seas of doubt and misunderstanding and malicious opposition; yet in our hearts we know thou art on the side of justice and good will and truth and freedom. We dedicate ourselves anew to thee and regardless what course others may pursue, we will stand by these principles which come from thy book—the Bible. We pray

not only for ourselves but for the peoples of all the world. Thou art the God of all mankind and thou dost long anxiously to have all men obey thee and love thee. Help us to know the part we play in our nation in thy divine purposes. May we proclaim and live by the truths which we have learned from thee. And speed that time when all men everywhere acknowledge thee, O God, as King of kings and Lord of lords! In Jesus' name. *Amen.*

Heavenly Father, we acknowledge our sin. We have failed thee in so many ways we are not worthy to be called thy children. Yet we are truly penitent. We beg thy forgiveness. Remove our sins from us as far as the east is from the west. And father make us alert to the temptations about us so that tomorrow we will not fail thee as we have done today. Guide us by the Holy Spirit so we may be victorious over sin.

Gracious Lord, we are grateful for every new year and for every new day. We have marred the pages of our life's book this past year—oh, so often. Now help us as we turn over a new leaf to write according to thy divine will. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*



The Link

Satellite

We view developments in the world of religion

Church Membership, 1959

The Yearbook of American Churches for 1961 reports the following number of churches and church membership in the U.S.A. for 1959: Buddhist: 52 churches; 20,000 members

Old Catholic, Polish National Catholic, and Armenian Church of North America, Diocese: 322 churches; 484,489 church members

Eastern Churches: 1,414 churches; 2,807,612 church members

Jewish Congregations: 4,079 synagogues; 5,500,000 members

Roman Catholic: 23,346 churches; 40,871,302 church members

Protestant: 285,132 churches; 62,543,502 members.

The total church membership in the U.S.A. is 112,226,905. This represents a 2.4 per cent increase over 1958.

Servicemen Overseas

Speaking at a USO meeting in New York, Dr. Marion Creeger, executive secretary of The General

Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel, warned that too many of the 1,125,000 young men stationed overseas today were not only unprepared for the situations they would encounter but are unaware of the unfavorable impression they are making on people abroad.

Dr. Creeger pointed out that the hospitality houses in the Far East are "too few to scratch the surface," and that there is need for information and guidance centers for servicemen, "who come ashore just across the street from a long row of gyp joints." He described the pandering to servicemen in some spots as "almost unbelievable." They need, said Dr. Creeger, spiritual guidance and wholesome fellowship. "We don't have to coddle these men but we should give them a chance in a strange land to maintain something of the standard of behavior we maintain in our homes."

Deplores Racial Hatred and Violence

The Virginia Council of Churches has issued a statement that the

church should take the lead in striving for a society in which God's will is done and says: "God wills that Christian love, made known on the cross, should mold all human relationships. The denial of human dignity in any form is, therefore, a denial of the will of God. We are humbled by the fact that the minority group, who have been denied their true position as children of God, have had to take the initiative in seeking it." . . .

Members of the General Council of the United Christian Youth Movement have also resolved: "We recognize and accept all men as our brothers and support them in their earnest efforts to realize the dignity and respect God has granted to all his children."

Largest Spiritual Life Conference

Three spiritual life conferences for Air Force personnel were held last summer, one at Asilomar, Pacific Grove, Calif.; one at Estes Park, Colo.; but the largest was held at Ridgecrest, N.C. Nearly 1,000 persons from 80 Air Force bases at-

tended. The theme for the conference was "A Faith for Our Day." Speakers included: Dr. W. A. Criswell of Dallas; Dr. Richard L. Francis of New York City; and Dr. Addison H. Leitch of Pittsburgh. Lt. Gil Stricklin writes: "To each one present the conference will be an experience long to be remembered."

Freedoms Foundation

Kenneth D. Wells, President of Freedoms Foundation, announces that the Trustees and Directors of the Foundation are launching a campaign to raise \$2,500,000 to construct The American Freedom Center on the Foundation grounds at Valley Forge. During the eleven years of the National and School Awards Program a mass of material on our cherished freedoms has been collected. The new Center will house this material in fireproof storage rooms.

World Day of Prayer

The World Day of Prayer, sponsored by United Church Women, will be held in 1961 on February

Lay leaders from Commander Destroyer Flotilla Five met at Pearl Harbor last August 19 for a one-day conference on their important work. The day-long conference was attended by representatives (below) from the following ships: Savage, Vance, Newell, O'Bannon, Fletcher, Walker, Nicholas, Falgout, Wilhoite, and Sproston. Attendants report a wonderful conference.





This is the wonderful group of military personnel and dependents who attended the first European Ecumenical Youth Assembly at Lausanne, Switzerland, last summer. Left to right: Morgan Worthy, his wife, Linda; Carl Cooper; "Larry" Lawrence; Elizabeth Walworth; Claudia Lenn; Michael Otto; Judy Shoup; and Chaplain Osborne Scott.

17. The general theme is "Forward Through the Ages." A pocket-size book, *There Came A Woman*, has been issued for use during this period. Copies may be ordered from United Church Women, 475 Riverside Drive, New York 27, N.Y.

Religious Education Seminars

In September, the first overseas USAF Chaplains Protestant Religious Education Seminar was held in Weisbaden, Germany. Chaplain (Brigadier General) Robert P. Taylor, Deputy Chief of Air Force Chaplains, and several civilian consultants were present. The aim of the conferences is to develop a stronger religious education program in the armed forces.

Need for Clothing

Church World Service is again appealing to the church to "get to the bottom of the barrel . . . search

the attic . . . and clean out the clothing closets" to help provide the 10,000,000 pounds of wearing apparel needed overseas this winter. "Clothing shipped to disaster areas is always less than is really needed." CWS clothing centers are: New Windsor, Md.; Nappanee, Ind.; 919 Emerald Ave., Modesto, Calif.; 4165 Duncan Ave., St. Louis, Mo.; 110 E. 29th St., New York 16, N.Y.

Short Term Missionaries

This year, forty-six more three-year missionaries of the Methodist Church are giving their lives for this period in missionary service. The thirty-two women and fourteen men are doing a variety of jobs, including teaching in schools from kindergarten through college, youth work, social work, business administration, and medical work. They serve in nineteen countries, including the Republic of Congo, Angola, Brazil, Taiwan, Mexico, Indonesia (Sumatra), Pakistan, Japan, the Philippines, Korea, Liberia, Cuba, Malaya, Southern Rhodesia, Sarawak (Borneo), Algeria, Peru, Costa Rica and Bolivia.

Lay Preachers Institute

Two Navy lay leaders were among those who attended the Lay Preachers Institute conducted by the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. at Ghost Ranch, New Mexico. They are: B. J. Brown, EMC, USS Cushing and Ensign B. A. McDonald, USS Somers. Rev. Frederick Maier, director of the Institute, writes: "We had a good conference."

The Link Calendar

December, the last month of the year, and the month in which we celebrate the birth of our Lord, is chock-full of significant events.

Dec. 3-4. Christian Men's Assembly. San Francisco, Calif. St. Francis Hotel and City Auditorium. Registration fee from \$1.00 to \$5.00, according to your wish. Dinner Saturday evening \$5.00. Write Mrs. Emilie F. Paky, Registrar, The National Council of Churches, 475 Riverside Drive, New York 27, for registration blanks.

Dec. 4-9. General Assembly of the National Council of Churches. San Francisco, Calif.

Dec. 6-8. National Council, the Protestant Episcopal Church, Greenwich, Conn.

Dec. 4-24. Kris Kringle Toy Market. Nuremburg, Gy.

Dec. 6-31. French Christmas Fairs. Marseille . . . Strasbourg.

Dec. 10. Awarding of Nobel Prizes in Stockholm, Sweden; Peace Prize in Oslo, Norway.

Dec. 11. Universal Bible Sunday.

Dec. 15. Bill of Rights Day, Bill of Rights ratified on this day, 1791. Also
Dec. 15-Jan. 6. Posadas. Mexico Christmas Play. Claremont, Calif.

Dec. 18. Yule Log Hunt, Burning Ceremony. Palmer Lake, Colo.

Dec. 20-Jan. 1. Pageant of Peace. Washington, D.C.

Dec. 21. Winter begins, 3:27 P.M. Eastern Standard Time.

Dec. 20-24. Davis Cup Tennis Matches. Australia.

Dec. 24. Christmas Eve Services.

Dec. 25. Sunday. Christmas Day.

Dec. 27. Mid-Winter Sports Festival. Track, basketball, football. New Orleans, La.

Dec. 31. Big fireworks displays: Pike's Peak, Colo.; Funchal, Madeira, Portugal.

Dec. 31. New Year's Eve.

COMING EVENTS

Jan. 29-Feb. 5. Youth Week. Theme: "Into All the World Together." Write to P & D Dept. National Council of Churches, P.O. Box 301, Madison Square Station, New York 10, N.Y. for complete youth kit. \$1.00.

Feb. 17. World Day of Prayer. Theme: "Forward Through the Ages."

Helps for Lay Leaders

Chapter 12—New Ways of Applying the Protestant Faith

HOW much faith do we have in Protestantism? Some have lost hope because they are speaking of a post-Protestant era. Yet there are real reasons for the existence of our faith and we should proclaim these to the world. Protestants have the truth that will set men and nations free. This is a time for us to have the courage of our convictions.

The Sin of Indifference (Amos 6:1)

What does it mean to be “at ease in Zion” (Amos 6:1)? Should one declare his faith positively—or keep silent? How can you declare your faith and yet give the other person this same privilege? What is meant by love? How does communism try to lull us to sleep? What are the main evils Protestantism faces? How overcome these?

The Challenge of Evangelism (Matt. 9:35-38)

What is evangelism? What is the good news? What new ways to evangelism are open to us? How go about using these for the proclamation of the gospel? Do we have too much evangelism or not enough? Jesus said “the fields are white unto harvest.” Is this true today? We sometimes say, “Spread the gospel through permeation not domination.” What is the distinction?

Christianity Is an Everyday Business (Mark 12:28-34)

We say the gospel goes into all the world. Does it not go also into every area of life—the home, industry, society, politics, the school, the individual life? In what way is the gospel “revolutionary”? What is the new concept of missions today? What high quality of life is to be lived by Christians if the gospel is to penetrate all of life?

The Continuing Reformation (Gal. 3:6-14)

What are the basic principles of Protestantism? Have these been won? What great causes does Protestantism support? Do we have a need for Protestantism today? How do you develop a creative spirit in the church? What is the place of criticism in religious circles? Does Protestantism need long-range planning? If so, why?

Books Are Friendly Things

"The Christian in His Vocation." This is the title of a new series being developed by Association Press, 291 Broadway, New York 7, N.Y. \$2.50 each.

The first two books in the series are **The Christian as a Doctor** by James T. Stephens and Edward LeRoy Long, Jr. and **Christianity and the Scientist** by Ian G. Barbour. The first book will make you want to be a doctor—and a Christian doctor. The second book is excellent in showing how allied Christianity and Science really are; and the importance of the scientific spirit. Those eager to discover their vocation should keep up with this series.

Toward Health and Wholeness by Russell L. Dicks (The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N.Y. 1960 \$3.50).

The mind and body possess a tremendous healing force that too many of us have overlooked. Dr. Dicks' solution for a more healthy life is here set forth in this new book and it rests on sound foundations. He shows how we may pass from anxiety to faith, from hostility to joy, from guilt to self-awareness, from despair to hope, from loneliness to love, from pain to courage, from boredom to creative work, from rejection to acceptance. A wonderful book.

My Picture Story Bible by Dena Korfker (Zondervan, 1415 Lake Drive, S.E., Grand Rapids 6, Mich. 1960. \$3.95)

Children's workers are not in agreement as to what stories of the Bible are best told at the various age levels. However, I think generally there is a desire for more Bible stories and more accurate telling of the stories that are used. There must be room for the child's imagination; yet at the same time, any telling that clouds the child's mind and gives him the wrong concept is bad, for this will simply have to be overcome later and does the child harm. Although there is a great deal of good in Miss Korfker's book, I'm afraid sufficient use has not been made of backgrounds of the biblical material. In other words, teachers and parents still need to edit these stories before they are used. Since there is no greater book than the Bible, I'm wondering why we should not use it, especially in a modern translation, rather than to try to retell stories that are already so well told.

Two Christmas Books. **Come to Christmas** by Anna Laura and Edward W. Gebhard (Abingdon Press, Nashville 2, Tenn. 1960. 75 cents). This is a small, attractive devotional guide in color to be used by the family in preparation for Christmas. It extends from Thanksgiving to Christmas. You'll find poems, prayers, hymns and interpretations of customs. **Christmas Customs Around the World** by H. H. Wernecke (Westminster Press, Witherspoon Bldg., Philadelphia 7, Pa. 1959. \$3.50) is a more expensive book but far more detailed. You'll find in it anything you want to know about Christmas customs all over the world.

Sound Off! (Continued from page 4)

Stuber Articles in Booklet Form

I have particularly enjoyed Stanley Stuber's articles in THE LINK on Protestant beliefs. Have these been published under one cover? Will you be compiling them for further dissemination? We are planning a chaplain's class for religious instruction and we anticipate making these materials required reading.

—Chaplain Everett B. Nelson, U.S. Naval Station, Navy 926,
Care Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif.

I have been reading recent issues of THE LINK with much interest. I am very much impressed with the series of articles on Protestants by Dr. Stanley Stuber. I wonder if I could get the whole series in a paper bound copy. I find this most helpful to me in working with a young college group in our church.

—David M. Robison, Regional Executive, U.S.O., 735 Forsyth Bldg., Atlanta 3, Ga.

(We are happy to say that we are planning to reprint the Stuber series in a paper-backed small booklet. This will probably be available by next March.)

Radio Technician

I am in the Air Force and have always enjoyed your magazine very much. One article in a recent issue interested me especially—about a network of Christian radio stations being built in Korea. I have just returned from two years in Korea and have been thinking about returning in the Lord's service as a radio technician. Could you please send me the address of the National Council of Churches which is sponsoring these stations so that I may write to them for further information? Thank you very much and keep up the good work.

—A/2C Ronald K. Albrecht, 4642nd Support Sqdn, Malmstrom AFB,
Montana, Box 231.

Grateful

I enjoy receiving your magazine. It is well to realize that others are interested in Christ and our well being. Thank you and may God give his greatest blessings to you.

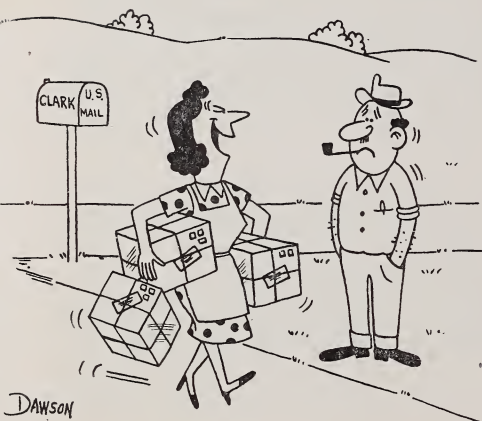
—PFC John L. Adams, Co. D., 1st B.G., 15th Inf. APO 139, New York, N.Y.

From the White House

The President has asked me to thank you for the two copies of the October issue of THE LINK. He was very pleased to have them and appreciates your calling his attention to the back page, on which appear some of the principles and purposes to which he believes we are pledged. With the President's best wishes.

—Gerald D. Morgan, The Deputy Assistant to the President.

At Ease!



"Guess what you're giving me for Christmas?"

Frederic Fradkin, former concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, relates that one evening as he was leaving a concert, he tripped and fell down a flight of stairs. Although he was fortunate in not being hurt, he did break his valuable violin. Several days later he ran into an old friend of the family who very solemnly asked, "How are you feeling? I heard you fell down and broke your Stradivarius."

—Stephen Brown in *Coronet*

Top storyteller Harry Hershfield has a top story. At a banquet, a pompous speaker rose, looked around

the table and said impressively: "I wonder how many really great men there are in the world. . . ."

Without losing a second, his wife looked up and commented acidly: "One less than you think, darling. One less than you think."

—Pageant

Jim Whatley, University of Georgia baseball mentor, went to school (Alabama) with Mel Allen, the famous announcer.

"As a freshman outfield," vouchsafes Jim, "Mel would run in on a fly ball shouting, 'I've got it!' and then drop the ball. But Mel majored in English. When he was a senior, and better educated, he'd run in on a fly shouting, 'I have it!'—then drop it."

—Scholastic Coach

At Linden, down in East Texas, ten-year-old Carol Ann Lovelace asked for an explanation of heaven.

Her dad, Joe W. Lovelace, the criminal district attorney down there, was trying to oblige.

"It's a land of milk and honey," he said in summing things up.

"What!" replied Carol Ann. "No Cokes?"

—Dallas (Texas) *News*

A mother who had been teaching her children to be mannerly on the telephone overheard her eight-year-old daughter answering a call: "I'm sorry, sir," the young lady said, "you must have a wrong number. But would you like to leave a message?"

—New Yorker





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